The Nation.

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The Week.

Fighting the Presidential campaign two years in advance is a sort of *Kriegspiel* much in vogue just now. Apparently, every newspaper writer, every man in the street, has, in this particular, at least, taken to heart Mr. Roosevelt's exhortation to be prepared for battle before battle comes. On paper, and in the mouths of the impressive wise men who request you to mark their words while they proceed to exercise the gift of prophecy, the election of 1908 is already over and its results declared. People of this kind, whose spirits, like Metternich's, ever wrestle with the morrow, will doubtless find an impulse to redoubled energy of political speculation in the fact that Mr. Bryan admits that he would take the Democratic nomination under certain conditions, and W. R. Hearst announces that he is not a candidate. Of course, everybody can see that the assaults of Hearst upon the Democratic party have made its flesh creep and have led many of Bryan's old enemies to think well of him. But that alone could not have led to the changes by which this fiery radical of other years is made to seem almost a sober-paced conservative. The transformation is unquestionably due to President Roosevelt's policies of railway rate regulation and action against the Trusts. As Secretary Taft put it in his speech at Greensboro, N. C., on Monday night, the Democratic leaders are indignant that the Republican party "is putting into practice the principles which they, with a superb self-complacency, claim are really covered by a Democratic patent." In this radical movement, some of the Republicans—like Senator La Follette—are sincere, while others have merely wanted to take the wind out of Bryan's sails. But whatever the motive, the result for Bryan has been a surprising recovery of prestige.

Secretary Taft's message to the North Carolina Republicans is in the main characteristic of the man. In frankness and straightforward dealing it is on a par with his Ohio speech of last fall, in which he resolutely attacked the Republican State boss, and thereby, in the opinion of many, made Democratic success possible. With charming *bonhomie*, he proceeded to tell the Republicans of the South just what pitiful political figures they cut. "I do not wish to seem ungracious, but I must be candid," he declared; and he truthfully portrayed those Republican organizations below Mason and Dixon's line which come to life only when there is Federal patronage to be had. None the less, Secretary Taft struck a lower note than the country has been accustomed to expect from him. His appeal was more to pocket than to principle. "You have become miners and manufacturers," he said in effect, "hence you should benefit by the special tariff privileges we are dispensing; and don't forget that we are going to line your purses by building the Panama Canal." With Mr. Taft's main contention that the South needs nothing so much as to divide politically, every one will agree except the dwindling number of Southerners who like to be deluded by the cheap politician with his single issue of white supremacy. Democratic solidity is as baneful to the South as long years of Republican success have been noxious in Vermont and Pennsylvania. In our system of government, an effective Opposition, and even the rotation in office of parties, is so indispensable to pure administration that some Republican partisans are beginning to ask whether sixteen consecutive years in Washington would not be injurious to their party as well as to the nation.

Currency reform must still be preached, though it seems at present like crying in the desert. Frank A. Vanderlip's address before the State Bankers' Association last week was made, not in the expectation, we presume, of any immediate reform, but in the hope that repeated warnings may prepare the public mind for action when an acute crisis comes. Among bankers and economists it is the general conviction that something ought to be done for our limping currency system, but that Congress will do nothing till spurred on by sharp financial distress. In this view, Mr. Vanderlip's reiteration of sound doctrine may be useful in showing what remedy we shall have to try when we suddenly discover that we are ill. There is no lack of knowledge among those versed in the question; Chairman Fowler gets good bills reported out from the House Committee on Banking and Currency; but Congress will not budge. Republican bankers may as well grasp the fact that the politicians who stand pat on the tariff will also stand pat on the currency.

Washington dispatches represent the Navy Department as "greatly relieved" that there has been no necessity this year for compulsory retirements of officers, there having been enough voluntary applications from men anxious to leave active service to make the required number of vacancies. The Roosevelt Personnel act of 1899 provided that, in the event of there not being within each year 13 promotions of commanders, 20 advancements of lieutenant-commanders, 29 of lieutenants, and 40 of lieutenants, junior grade, a board of rear-admirals should compulsorily retire enough officers to make that number of vacancies in each grade. Every officer retiring voluntarily or by compulsion receives the next highest rank and three-fourths the sea-pay of that grade. Thus a lieutenant may be promoted to the rank of lieutenant-commander and then be retired at once, on his own application, as a commander with an annual pension of $2,625, or $25 *more* than the sea-pay he was receiving as a lieutenant. With this assured income the officer, probably just in the prime of life, can either obtain employment on shore from the Navy Department, in which case he receives the full pay of lieutenant-commander (a small increase), or may seek a position in civil life. His knowledge of engineering, of ordnance, or of electricity, generally secures him a good berth. Well-informed officers now privately admit that the attractions of voluntary retirement are withdrawing from the service not merely the drones and the physically feeble, but many of the most competent. This contention is sustained by a detailed examination of the retirements in 1905 and 1906. This year, for example, four captains, one commander, and nine lieutenant-commanders have been retired, of whom no less than five are of special value. A movement to change the law would not be surprising, particularly as the retired list has grown from 475 in 1898 to 720 at present, not including the Marine Corps. Somehow or other, the best officers should be retained on the active list.

The International Policyholders' Committee has formed an organization which commands respect and must exert wide influence. The names of Richard Olney, Gov. N. B. Broward of Florida, Judge George Gray, James C. Hemphill, Alton B. Parker, Benjamin F. Tracy, and Thomas B. Wanamaker mean a serious effort to give the policyholders actual representation on the directorates of the New York Life and the Mutual. If the men nominated for directors by this committee are of equally high standing, the election cannot but have a wholesome effect upon both companies. The existing administrations are inevitably under suspicion. Many policyholders will, on general principles, refuse to vote for trustees who are picked out by those now in power and are presumably friendly to them. Policyholders justly

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demand that directors and officers under whom abuses flourished or under whom thorough investigation has been checked, should step out. In order to stem this tide of disaffection, the present managements must make up tickets of men who will be more than mere dummies. Indeed, the New York Life has already offered a list of uncommonly strong candidates. In glancing at the names one's first wonder is, What has become of the grave contention, repeatedly advanced before the Armstrong Committee, that you simply could not get insurance trustees unless they were permitted to take their rake-offs in syndicate transactions? Here are merchants, lawyers, judges, publishers, and others, quite ready, apparently, to take the places of Wall Street operators. Thus by pressure on the administration, the opposition, even if not victorious in form, may be so in fact.

The colored farmers of Texas at a recent convention at Houston, took a noteworthy step, by organizing vigilance committees for different sections of the State. These bodies are to run down and prosecute negroes guilty of criminal assault. The farmers have been led to this step by 73 cases of this crime within fourteen months. It is needless to say that the leaders of the race look with especial abhorrence upon criminals of this kind who not only offend against the laws of society, but do incalculable injury to the prospects of the negro. From Booker T. Washington down, influential negroes have inveighed publicly against the perpetrators of these outrages, and occasionally parties of black men have joined in bringing offenders to book — even in lynching them. The Texas movement is to be welcomed as the first organized effort on the part of negroes. It would be better for the State in the long run, however, if the authorities would organize a negro constabulary as an adjunct to their State Rangers, to preserve order in the country districts. The example of Jamaica shows the beneficent results of such a force. Law and order would be better served than by vigilance committees. Incidentally, the South has just had an interesting example of the speed with which courts can move in cases of assault. A negro who committed the crime in Maryland six weeks ago was sentenced to death last week after a trial in which all his rights were preserved. The falsity of the old excuse for lynching—slowness and uncertainty of the courts—is thus once more exposed.

A serious accident in the Manchester Ship Canal on June 21 gives fresh and ominous point to the warnings which William Barclay Parsons and other engineers addressed to the Senate committee. They argued against the plan of placing three locks in flight at Gatun, as in the accepted project for the Panama Canal, pointing out the peril of thus putting all the eggs in one basket. They maintained that if, by accident, a ship should get out of control and crash through the gates of one lock, she would be certain to carry out all three; whereupon the canal would be drained, and it would be the work of two or three years to put Humpty Dumpty back again. Well, something very like that, in miniature, happened at the Irlam locks of the Manchester Canal. A steamer of only 700 tons, the Cassia, by some blunder made for the wrong lock. Though she had but little way on her, she destroyed one of the gates, the weight of water broke in the others, and the safety gates which were promptly set were also speedily swept away, and all the water higher up the canal poured out to sea. Traffic was entirely suspended for two days, till the spare steel gates could be got in place. It was, of course, a comparatively simple affair in such a canal; but imagine an accident of the kind at Gatun, 85 feet above the sea!

As the passage of the Education Bill in the Commons draws near, Liberals like Lloyd George and Secretary Churchill are beginning to attack the Lords. The reason is that the latter have threatened to emasculate the measure, if not to reject it outright. Hence the violent talk about "worn-out Parliamentary machinery," and "an irresponsible assembly." But it is extremely improbable that a sharp issue will be raised in this way in English politics. The lesson read to the House of Lords in 1832 has not been lost upon it. The peers know well that there are limits beyond which they cannot safely go. They ran some risk when they rejected the Home Rule bill of 1892, but the Cabinet was not ready to follow Gladstone in an appeal to the country to "end or mend" the House of Lords. That body's active membership is composed of men who know what is going on. They do not live "up in a balloon," as Gladstone rhetorically asserted. Many of them have served in the Commons, and know its temper; they read the newspapers; they converse with their fellow-beings. So they know that it would never do to provoke a trial of strength with the Commons deliberately. While, therefore, they may amend the Education Bill, it is unlikely that they will stand out too long or too stiffly on the essential clauses. When they really want to lock horns with the representatives of the people, they will choose firmer ground to stand on.

Fears for the supremacy of Marseilles as a Mediterranean port may seem groundless, yet they were expressed the other day in Paris by M. Guilland, president of the Society for the Defence of the Commerce of Marseilles. Since the opening of the Suez Canal restored to that city her old prominence, and gave fresh title to Chavannes's fresco representing her as "Marseille, Port de l'Orient," her position as a shipping centre has been thought to be beyond challenge. But Genoa is pressing hard, while Barcelona is coming forward rapidly. Yet Marseilles perceives a still more formidable rival farther north. She is disquieted by the great diversion of Oriental trade to Hamburg. The rapid progress of that port is, indeed, used by Marseilles as a powerful argument for the improved communication which she wishes. Hamburg sits at the confluence of vast interior water routes. Rivers and canals, as well as railroads, bring and take the goods that pass through that harbor. But Marseilles is almost isolated. Her railroad connections are meagre, and nothing has been done to carry out the project, as old as Vauban, to connect her with the Rhône by a canal. The execution of this plan is now demanded as a means of making Marseilles, not merely what she now is, the first commercial port of France, but the leading point of trans-shipment in the Eastern trade.

Gen. André, former French Minister of War, is publishing in the Paris *Matin* some highly sensational recollections of official experiences. The first instalment contains an almost incredible story of an attempt to thwart his efforts to end the tyranny of the military bureaucracy by a thorough-going reform of his department. He soon decided that three lieutenant-colonels of the General Staff should be removed for the good of the service. The chief of the General Staff, Gen. Delanne, tried to resign, but, not being permited to, insisted that he alone could make changes in the staff. While the situation was still critical, there appeared in Gen. André's office, Count Muravieff, the Russian military attaché, who not merely asked, but bluntly demanded, the reappointment of the three lieutenant-colonels on the ground that he, the representative of an allied Power, wished it. Naturally, Gen. André refused this extraordinary request, whereupon Muravieff exclaimed: "I am bound to tell you that you have not kept to the Russian alliance." This "bluff" nearly succeeded, for Gen. André had never seen the secret treaty. He speedily learned, of course, that nothing in that document bore in any way upon the French General Staff, and that Muravieff was merely the tool of the General Staff clique which had hitherto run the army as it pleased, and actually believed that Gen. André would permit a foreign officer to dictate his policy. The incident recalls the revela-

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tions of the Dreyfus retrial, and proves again that the French General Staff was corrupt and demoralized—a national danger instead of a safeguard.

The German colonial scandals show no signs of abating; and the official Cologne *Gazette* has found it necessary to come once more to the defence of the Colonial Bureau, now attacked on all sides. It demands as a cure-all for present troubles the creation of the independent Colonial Department which the Reichstag refused to allow. Meanwhile the police have searched the office of the Berlin *Freisinnige Zeitung* in a vain effort to ascertain names of the officials who recently supplied the paper with a confidential report to Prince von Bülow. This document has naturally made a sensation. It was the result of an investigation into the allegations against Herr von Puttkamer, governor of the Cameroons, by a permanent official of the bureau, Privy Councillor Rose. That gentleman recommended retiring Von Puttkamer on a pension, and dropping the whole matter. As this report was confidential, and of recent date, there is obviously a serious leak in the Colonial Bureau. Fortunately for the public, the incident has compelled Herr von Puttkamer to change his mind and ask for an investigation of his administration by a disciplinary court. Meanwhile, Berlin is full of rumors and allegations of misdoing, not only in the Cameroons, but among troops and officials in German Southwest Africa. Germany is reaping the crop of her colonial sowing.

The visit of the German editors to London has started a controversy as to whether the modern journalist is or is not the chief cause of war. Dr. Theodor Barth, the distinguished Berlin editor, maintained that the "press of every civilized country" was "always in arms," and called upon the Hague Conference to begin its work by "disarming the journalists." Lord Avebury was of the same opinion, and asserted that newspapers can make peace or declare war. This the *Spectator*, whose editor was a speaker on the same occasion, denounces as "pure clap-trap." Disagreements among nations, it says, arise only out of the policies of rulers and governments. Of course, there is truth on both sides, as may be illustrated by the part played by our sensational journalists in bringing on the war with Spain, and also by the hostilities engendered by our monstrous tariff. The dispute did not detract from the success of the visit of the German editors. Like that of the burgomasters in May, it has done much to bring about a better understanding between the two countries. Their peace is menaced only by the now rare indiscretions of the German ruler and by the venom of those newspapers, German and English, which harp on a jealousy that has but slight ground for existence.

Gen. Trepoff's assertion that the Jews are responsible for the Russian massacres by provoking the Christians and "skilfully posing as martyrs," may reflect the policy of the reactionaries, but it is none the less preposterous. Who ever heard of men willing to incite massacres in which they are certain to be killed, their women dishonored, and their children butchered? Moreover, the Munich *Jugend* has just reprinted from a Russian Government organ an item which shows that Trepoff's theory is not original with him. It is entitled "A Conversation Overheard at Bialystok," and runs as follows:

First Jew—"I must say I am no longer happy in Russia; for three weeks there has been no massacre of Jews, and where is there such happiness to be found as being massacred?"

Second Jew—"How would it answer if we should kill the priest?"

First Jew—"That would not do. We must infuriate the Christians to the point of losing their senses. Think of the disappointment if after killing him we should not be massacred!"

Third Jew—"What if we should set fire to the church?"

Second Jew—"Even that would not be certain to cause our death."

First Jew—"But if we should throw a bomb into a procession?"

The Others—"God bless you for this thought! What joy! I already feel my eyes being torn from my head. I see a bloodshed never before equalled. Heaven be praised that we can at least induce these miserable Christians to slaughter us."

The Russian newspaper, always hitherto a supporter of the Government, adds: "And so it came about. Our report of this conversation is the most reliable, since it was written by the agent of the Government who himself threw the bomb into the procession."

The report that Lyman J. Gage, formerly Secretary of the Treasury, is dallying with theosophy as expounded by Mrs. Tingley at Point Loma, Cal., raises the question as to the attraction of this religion—if such it may be called—for certain minds. Many years ago a callow youth in a Western city was reading that stupendous work of Madame Blavatsky's, "Isis Unveiled," which was the foundation of theosophy. He had got through the first volume and was begging the young woman at the Public Library to save the second for him, when it came in; for the book was in constant demand. "How did you like the first volume?" said she. "Very much," replied the lad, "only I didn't understand it all." "Ah," cried she, ecstatically, "but you are not expected to understand." She understood human nature so well that she is now at the head of one of the largest libraries in the country. The young man was only in his first childhood, and so recovered; but the incident shows the fascination which theosophy has exercised over the unstable. Here is mystery flung at you with both hands, here is a system of ethics which professes to date from the beginning of civilization; and here, too often, is an alluring, half-expressed idea that the restaints of common morality are for the uninitiated alone, and that in the higher regions the acts of the body have no effect on the life of the soul. It need not be said that theosophy as commonly taught is about as near as Christian Science to the genuine religion of ancient India. The only strange thing is that theosophy, with all its glamour of pseudo-Orientalism, has not, like Christian Science, drawn multitudes in its wake. The explanation, no doubt, is that it has never advertised its attractions by offering health without drugs.

"American Advertising" is the title under which the London *Athenæum* exposes a scheme for swindling. The vicar of a country parish, it seems, was shocked to receive the following post-card:

REVD. SIR: I feel it my duty to bring before your notice an extraordinary attack made upon you in chapter ii., page 15, of a recently published book entitled "Parsons and Pagans." The book is published by Henry J. Drane, and the author's name is Vivian Hope. The matter may possibly have been brought to your notice, otherwise it seems to demand attention. Could not the law of libel be invoked?

Yrs. truly,
(signed) E. FITZHERBERT.

The quiet clergyman knew the card had been seen by the postman and by his own servants who must have inferred that he had done something disgraceful; but when he got the book he found it contained no reference to himself, direct or indirect. Later he discovered that other persons had also been victimized. The publisher, Mr. Drane, when called to account, explained that it was "an American form of advertising," for which the author, not he, was responsible. Mr. Drane may be well informed. Certainly, this method of pushing a book has a diabolical ingenuity worthy of American enterprise at its worst. Moreover, because of scandals in life insurance, beef-packing, and railway and Trust management, the commercial reputation of America is so blackened, that the world is ready to lay at our door any unfathered villainy. Yet we hesitate to admit that the United States has a monopoly of depraved intelligence. Europe was well stocked with rascals before ever the caravels of Columbus set sail; and it was not our Government which issued a patent to the inventor of the seven deadly sins.

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THE JUDICIARY NOMINATORS.

After the Jerome Nominators of 1905, the Judiciary Nominators of 1906. The second movement is clearly modelled upon the first, and is of almost equal political significance. We have had much vague talk about "taking the judiciary out of politics," but this is the real thing. What we have had in the past has been an occasional upheaval over a scandalous judicial nomination, like Judge Maynard's, or a scandalous refusal to renominate, like that in the case of Judge Daly; but the general idea about taking the judiciary out of politics has been to let two bosses, or two machines, get together and divide the judicial spoils. From all that the Judiciary Nominators of New York have cut loose, and have given us a ticket named without consulting a single boss or currying favor with a single politician. A similar movement has already taken form in Erie County, and judges are to be nominated by the same method in Brooklyn. If the plan is successfully carried out, it will echo through the country as did Mr. Jerome's success, and, like it, will be a fresh demonstration of the fertility of Americans in political resource. Thus it is that the details of this contest are of interest, not merely in New York city and State, but wherever men are working to heighten political independence and purity.

Nothing but praise is heard of the candidates for the bench whose names are now announced. They were sifted from among the more than two hundred lawyers whose fitness for the judicial office was scrutinized by the committee. Political affiliations were entirely ignored; and legal attainments, age, and capacity for hard work made the sole tests. Notable is the omission of certain names that had been supposed "sure of a place." They were of men like Senator Nathaniel A. Elsberg and Corporation Counsel John J. Delany. Their legal qualifications may be conceded, but their claims were political. They had fairly "earned" judgeships, it was said, by faithful service to party. But they were wisely passed over by a committee bent on showing that the way to advancement lies in ability and character, rather than in subservience to party organization or boss. Hence the names that do not appear on the ticket are as significant as those that do. It is safe to say that a judicial ticket selected with such care and intelligence, and so free from stratagems and spoils, has never before been offered to the electors of this city.

One objection clings which is likely to be urged wherever the example of New York is followed: this is a "professional" ticket. Lawyers are nominating themselves. They are standing apart from the rest of the community. They would set up as a close corporation, representing the narrowness and jealousy of a profession. Well, we think the lawyers may rightly make their own the reply of Lord Lyndhurst, when he and the other law lords were accused of "jealousy" in opposing Palmerston's proposal to create new law lords with only life peerages. The old Chancellor turned the objection against into an argument for. He and his fellow-lawyers were "jealous." They were jealous for their profession, "and, my lords," he added, "do not forget that jealousy is of the very essence of our Constitution." That is to say, any one great interest or power in the state must be on its guard against encroachments by another. In that sense, the lawyers of this city, and of other cities also, do well to exhibit a proper jealousy. They have seen their profession raided and debauched by politicians. They have seen unfit men put on the bench by politicians. They have seen judicial honors practically bought, or given to grovellers. They have seen the courts congested and justice denied, partly on account of incompetent judges. It was high time, then, that they bestirred themselves to remove the reproach from their profession and the evil from the public service. If in a narrow sense their movement is in behalf of their own calling, in the truest sense it is for the public good. It comes down to this: lawyers must be chosen as judges; who is better fitted to select proper candidates, their fellow-lawyers, or dickering politicians? Grant that the lawyers are acting *pro domo suâ;* they are at the same time working for the common weal.

The ticket is up. It will be legally put in nomination by petition. It will stick till election. What the party managers will do about it does not yet appear. They are at present sniffing at it like puzzled dogs, just as they did at Mr. Jerome's nomination last year. If they are wiser now than they were then, they will endorse the work of the Judiciary Nominators, instead of attacking it with disaster to themselves. But in any case there should be instant response to the appeal for volunteers in this judicial campaign. Work will be needed and organization and money, in order that this promising movement for the further enfranchisement of the people from the tyranny of boss government, and for the dignity and independence of the judiciary, may not fail.

A UNITED STATES COURT IN CHINA.

Another of the improvements which Secretary Root's legal acumen and good head for business have brought about since his going to the State Department is the creation of a United States Court in China. At the urging of Mr. Root, Congress passed a bill to establish it, and now comes the appointment of the first judge. The present Attorney-General of the Philippine Islands, Lebbeus R. Wilfley, has been selected. His training and experience promise success in this novel jurisdiction. It has been set up in order to supersede, in part, the extraterritorial jurisdiction of our consuls in China, and to correct judicial abuses which have grown up under that system. Consuls are still to have jurisdiction in civil cases where the sum involved does not exceed $500, or in criminal cases where the punishment is not greater than $100 fine or 60 days' imprisonment; but appeal shall lie to the United States Court.

This news falls significantly with a recent dispatch from Dr. George Ernest Morrison, the Pekin correspondent of the London *Times*, setting forth the unsatisfactory administration of justice in Shanghai. Under the system of mixed courts, in which a Chinese magistrate sits with a foreign assessor in all cases affecting foreigners, unhappy practices have been introduced. Naturally, the native judge seizes every opportunity to assert a purely native jurisdiction, with the result, affirms Dr. Morrison, that "in civil cases both plaintiff and defendant can be squeezed unmercifully, while in criminal cases the poor are punished brutally and the rich can buy immunity." Foreign governments have long been seriously dissatisfied with the working of this system. After years of discussion, without result, they last March submitted to the Chinese Foreign Office, through the Diplomatic Body, a set of redrafted regulations to govern the mixed courts; yet an agreement has thus far been blocked by the Chinese. Now we have our new court.

It is, of course, a part of that extraterritorial jurisdiction which we, in common with several other nations, have by treaty the right to exercise in China. The time seems distant when the Western world will be content to waive this in China, as we did in Japan in 1894. Chinese conditions of government, and of the administration of justice, being what they are, resident foreigners would not feel that they were safe in submitting to native courts. And the amount of legal business concerning American merchants and missionaries resident in China is large, and constantly increasing. The last "Statesman's Year-Book" puts the total number of foreigners living in the open ports of China at 27,227, about one-half of whom are resident at Shanghai. There the United States Court is to be erected, though its jurisdiction is to extend over several provinces. According to figures published by the customs authorities, there were, at the end of 1904, more than 3,000 Americans residing in the open ports. In connection with their mercantile contracts and transfers of property, both before and after death, there must be frequent need of getting judicial deci-

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sions, and it is axiomatic that they ought to be rendered with as great authority and integrity as possible.

Consular jurisdiction has been, for obvious reasons, unsatisfactory. Those scalawag appointees of McKinley's who have recently had to be removed from the consular service in China, were under grave charges of malfeasance in precisely their character as judges. If we may believe what was publicly alleged of them, a Chinese *taotai* could not have been more oppressive or venal. But leaving out corruption, and supposing that all our consuls were honest, few of them know law enough to make them fit judges. Nice questions of nationality, of domicile, of marriage, of inheritance, of taxation, of property rights, to say nothing of crimes, are all the while coming up for adjudication, and what consul is sufficient for these things? He should have a fair knowledge of the common law, with some acquaintance with the *lex loci* and a good understanding of the principles of international law. That the actual consul in China as we know him has been deficient in these respects, no one will deny; hence the importance of the court which is now to hear and dispose of cases involving Americans in the Chinese Empire will be generally conceded.

In addition to the general exercise of extraterritorial jurisdiction in China, there are special privileges attaching to the concessions, with their foreign communities, at the treaty ports. The greatest of these is at Shanghai. Here the various nationalities have their concessions, within which land may be rented in perpetuity; and though China still asserts sovereign rights over the whole, they are practically never enforced, and are little more than an empty form. There is even a sort of foreign municipality at Shanghai, under the land regulations of 1866, which has power to levy taxes and enforce municipal ordinances. The legality of the latter was upheld by Secretary Bayard in 1887. We refer to these complexities of government because they reinforce the argument for having a learned judge, instead of a haphazard consul, in charge of the legal interests of American business men and missionaries resident in China.

BRIGADING THE ARMY.

Secretary Taft's announcement that the army is hereafter to be concentrated in large posts or barracks will be heartily welcomed by the troops and by those interested in economical administration of the service. For the present, seven posts have been selected for enlargement: Forts Riley and Leavenworth in Kansas, Sam Houston in Texas, Robinson in Nebraska, D. A. Russell in Wyoming, Sill in Oklahoma, and Oglethorpe on the battlefield of Chickamauga. To these will soon be added a post in the East, perhaps in Pennsylvania, and one on the Pacific Coast. When these changes have been carried out, the break with the army of 1870 to 1898 will be complete. In uniforms, equipment, training, spirit, in everything save in tradition and in the continued influence of politics, the army of to-day is an improvement upon that of the quarter of a century succeeding its reorganization in 1870.

In those years the thirty-five cavalry and infantry regiments were scattered over the frontier in small one or two-company posts. Sometimes there were battalion posts and less frequently regiments came together for brief periods. Manœuvres there were none, save in 1886 and 1893. Generals never took actual command except in the emergency of serious Indian uprisings, most of which were settled by captains and colonels. Company officers might spend years in the service and never see a battalion drill. But as the West was opened up by the railroads and the Indian wars died out with the Pine Ridge campaign of 1890-1891, the Washington authorities came to a realization that a rearrangement was advisable, particularly as many an old post was tumbling to pieces. Unfortunately, the War Department decided upon the regimental-post policy, which easily fell in with the schemes of politicians. Thanks to their influence, the new posts were often located with far less regard to strategical value than to benefits to be derived by land speculators or trades-people. Hideous brick barracks, devoid of architectural beauty, began to appear near centres like Chicago, Little Rock, Spokane, Burlington (Vt.), Des Moines, etc. At Omaha a beautiful old post was abandoned, and a new one built to please the city; and at dwindling Helena the ugly post of Fort Harrison was constructed to reward certain politicians.

The new policy goes a step further. It looks to the creation of posts garrisoned by between 2,000 and 3,000 men, so that officers may be trained not merely in battalion and regimental evolutions, but in brigade exercises as well. Instead of separate posts for infantry and cavalry, there will be garrisons comprising not only horse and foot, but also light artillery. Thus the three combatant branches will drill together, and each learn about their mutual dependence and their respective functions. More than that, small posts are uneconomical from the military point of view, because many men must be deducted from the active strength for guard duty, punishment, illness, and for performing police and other duties executed in England by the general service corps. In two-company posts, where the strength was, say, 120 men in all, it was rarely possible to parade more than 35 men to a company, with the result that extensive drills were impossible. Practically as many men are needed for fatigue duty in a small post as in a large one. At least, the concentration of 3,000 men in a post enables a far larger proportion to turn out for drill than where there are 120 or 200.

From the point of view of the quartermaster or commissary, the large post is also much more economical. Food and supplies for 3,000 men can more easily be delivered at one place than at five, particularly if some of those five are not on any railroad. Hence the taxpayer should doubly welcome Secretary Taft's plan. He should get a more efficient army at relatively lower cost. Fort Leavenworth, our American Aldershot, years ago proved the desirability of large posts from the strictly business point of view, as well as the military. And if, as is to be hoped, the United States, by withdrawing from the Philippines, shall be able to reduce its army as it did in 1870, the establishment of brigade posts would not interfere with the mustering-out process. Such as are not then needed may be used by the militia, or kept up for national emergencies.

Finally, the brigade posts will be of great value to our generals. Until lately these men have been merely officers of the roll-top desk, sometimes never wearing a uniform or mounting a horse in a year's time, and wholly disassociated from the troops. Their commands in many cases are still merely geographical divisions, arbitrarily laid out, and their function the signing of official papers before forwarding them to Washington. In brief, the American general prior to 1898 was, except for clerical routine, as idle an official as could be found in the pay of the Government. As a result, when war broke out in 1898, only three of our generals—Miles, Merritt, and Brooke—had ever manœuvred brigades, and their experience was almost wholly due to the civil war. Under the new plan, a general will have opportunity to learn his duties, and will be compelled to show his ability to handle large bodies of men. The abolition at least of some of the geographical commands should soon follow.

ENGLAND IN EGYPT.

Sir Edward Grey's fears of a Mohammedan uprising in Africa, and especially in Egypt, are not to be lightly passed over. The Liberal Foreign Secretary does not belong to the school of diplomatic sensationalists; and trouble of this kind is the last thing his administration is hunting for. Memories of the humanitarian Gladstone bombarding Alexandria to check what Lord Randolph Churchill called the "legitimate uprising of an oppressed people" and waging against them "a wicked war, an unjust war, a bondholders' war," ought

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to make Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman wary lest history repeat itself. There are, as it is, quite enough parallels with Gladstone's Government of 1880 and its unwieldy majority, without courting a repetition of his bungling Egyptian campaign. England, moreover, has fought enough for this generation. Hence a vision of Egypt and the new-won Soudan blazing afresh with fanatical warfare is enough to make any Ministry uncomfortable.

True, no Randolph Churchill is now at hand to badger the Prime Minister about his Egyptian policy; but lesser critics are ready to heckle at every opportunity. For instance, John Dillon's protest against the barbarity displayed in publicly flogging and executing the natives who recently murdered a British officer was proper and manly. For this performance Sir Edward Grey has assumed full responsibility, but he should realize that a Mohammedan outbreak, if one be impending, can no more be checked by this means than the progress of liberty in Russia by official orders for bloodletting. Such repressive measures are only fuel for the flames of discontent. The fellaheen who witnessed the executions may have been impressed by the severity of their English rulers; who can believe that their liking for their self-appointed masters has been increased by this ferocious reprisal? Indeed, the most depressing part of the whole affair to Englishmen ought to be the demonstration that, for all her reforms, England controls in Egypt only by her rifles.

Some realization of this sad state of affairs may have lurked in William J. Bryan's mind when he said in his Fourth of July speech that "wars have been waged for the alleged improvement of those attacked, and still more frequently philanthropy has been adulterated with selfish interests." Undoubtedly, it was a pecuniary motive which, first of all, led England into Egypt; but since Lord Cromer began to bring order out of the chaos of 1882, it is only fair to say that his Administration has been primarily for the Egyptian himself, instead of for the foreign bondholder. How remarkable his achievements have been, is set forth in detail in Sir Auckland Colvin's new volume, "The Making of Modern Egypt." The winning back of the Soudan, the complete reconstruction of the Governmental machinery, the improvement in the courts, the success of vast irrigation projects, and the laying by of great surpluses where formerly there were large deficits —all these triumphs Sir Auckland describes. Egypt is probably the best illustration of the government of an "inferior race" by foreigners; yet nowhere to-day is the failure of the conqueror to win the affections of the conquered more evident. Sir Edward Grey and Lord Cromer may, if they please, think the Egyptians ungrateful; but the fact remains: England is battening down a fire in the land of the Pharaohs, and after striving earnestly for two decades for its regeneration, finds herself compelled, on the twenty-fourth anniversary of the bombardment of Alexandria, to increase largely her garrison of European troops. Boast of Anglo-Saxon prowess as you may, it has never yet fought or governed its way into the affections of a subject people.

Religious differences naturally are one main cause of this failure. But they cannot explain everything. The fellaheen are richer and freer; they enjoy a justice unknown under Ismail and Tewfik, and forced labor is practically abolished. Yet somehow they are still dissatisfied. Even if translations of Sir Auckland Colvin's excellent book were to be freely distributed, disaffection would not cease. The natives might be pleased to recall that before Cromer's coming there were no telephones and no electric cars in Cairo. Boatmen no longer pay heavy tolls for passing under the bridges of the Nile. The whole system of fisheries has been reorganized and bettered; and a great educational structure has been reared. Yet, as Sir Malcolm McIlwraith, the judicial adviser to the Khedive, has admitted, every step in the introduction of European officials and European methods is still systematically denounced in the native press.

Mr. Bryan perceived another truth when, speaking of the effect of self-government in the United States upon the world's ideals, he said that such a conception "will sometimes revolutionize an individual, a community, a State, a nation, or even a world, and the idea that man possesses inalienable rights which the State did not give and which the State, though it can deny, cannot take away, has made millions of human beings stand erect and claim their God-given inheritance." There is still behind the Egyptian situation that national feeling which Mr. Gladstone crushed when he defeated Arabi in 1882. The fellaheen would gladly be poorer if they could but get rid of the haughty white man. Nor is this fact denied in Sir Malcolm McIlwraith's observation that the upper native classes feel a profound distrust, and even alarm, when wider power and responsibility are put upon native officials. Similarly in the Philippines some Filipinos dread what might happen if the Americans should withdraw. But whatever the sentiments of the upper classes, the rank and file of the people are angry and sore. Indeed, the whole Egyptian experiment is full of warnings for those who believe that Americans, too, are called on to govern another people against their will.

HUMOR IN HIGH PLACES.

The dying hours of Congress were enlivened by several humorous speeches. Two Representatives, in particular, Mr. Boutell of Illinois and Mr. Cushman of Washington, got and held the ear of the House, and enraptured the galleries. Neither of these gentlemen would confess to being a humorist. That would be almost suicidal for a Congressman. Proctor Knott's fate is still a powerful deterrent to aspiring statesmen, who perceive what solemnity has done to make some men great. Yet it is true that Messrs. Boutell and Cushman are among those most gladly heard, and that their humorous sallies may be said to be typical in our Congressional oratory.

In general, they aim at broad effects. Exaggeration, distortion, the extreme of caricature, are frequent in their mouths. Mr. Boutell, for example, in his controversy with Representative Rainey, accused him of advocating "Government by Advertisement," and proceeded to read a lot of imaginary advertisements. They were all of the "shriekingly funny" kind. The point of one of them is, we suppose, due to the fact that Mr. Rainey is rather hirsute. It runs:

> Ganderine for the Head, the Most Amazing and Stupendous Discovery of this Age of Marvels. What is Ganderine? It is an occult distillation of the secret alembic of an unknown chemist who has lost the prescription and forgotten the formula.
>
> [Laughter.]
>
> Ganderine is duplex in its action and works while you sleep.
>
> [Laughter.]
>
> Shake it with the right hand and Ganderine removes hair from the scalp and wheels from the brain; shake it with the left hand and Ganderine puts wheels in the brain and hair on the scalp, etc.

To sample Mr. Cushman's humor, observe him in a duel of wit with Bourke Cockran. It was ended by the Washington Representative saying:

> I want to pay the gentleman a tribute. My admiration of him was so great that a few days ago I went to a near and dear friend of his to make some inquiries regarding the gentleman. And I said to that friend of his: "Is it possible, sir, that in all of those equally masterful and misleading addresses which the gentleman 'pulls off' upon this floor he speaks entirely without preparation—absolutely extempore? Has the gentleman no thought of what he is going to say when he rises to speak?"
>
> And his friend said to me: "Mr. Cushman, I not only assure you that he has no idea of what he is going to say when he rises to his feet, but what is more wonderful than that, he speaks with such unusual fluency and enthusiasm that he does not even know what he has said when he sits down." [Great laughter.]

These specimens would, we presume, be called types of "American humor." They are at least types of Congressional humor. But we are not sure that the

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physical conditions under which it is produced do not determine its character. Imagine a vast and noisy hall like the House of Representatives, with tired and indifferent members all about and drowsy people filling the galleries, and then ask how delicate sword-play of wit would fare in such a place. The cleaver or bludgeon becomes almost the enforced weapon. Jokes must be bellowed, or they will not be heard. The funny man must speak through a megaphone. He must make his caricatures as big as a barn and as red as a country schoolhouse. The Speaker knows that everything of the nature of subtle innuendo, quiet asides, and suggestive allusion would be lost, and so he goes in for the big bow-wow of humor.

House of Commons humorists have a great advantage over our Congressional. They speak in a room so small that a low-pitched voice may easily be heard. Often, they lean across the table to stick pins into their adversary on the opposite bench, instead of having to shout long-distance defiances at him, as our Representatives do. The nicer play of wit is possible under such circumstances. You then get "Lulu" Harcourt planting his *banderillas* in Chamberlain's neck; you get Herbert Paul and his Oxford rival, Mr. Smith, delivering their rattling fire of epigrams and sub-acid retorts and classical reminiscences at each other's head. The audience, the tradition, count for much, but the contracted space also for much. House of Commons wit is more like dinner-table wit, partly because the House is not much larger than a dining room.

The sparkle of *esprit* in the French Chamber may likewise be attributed in a measure to physics and acoustics. There is, of course, a differing standard of wit, as of oratory; but when the tribune is close to the desks, it is easier to have such a flashing give-and-take as occurred the other day between Clemenceau and Jaurès. That the distinction between the humor of Deputies and that of Congressmen is one of form rather than substance, may be gathered from the final exchange of retorts:

Jaurès. "Vous n'êtes pas le bon dieu."

Clemenceau. "Et vous, vous n'êtes pas même le diable."

THE KING'S ENGLISH.

"The King's English," recently issued from the Clarendon Press, has excited more comment in England than any work of the kind since Dean Henry Alford's "The Queen's English" (1863) and George Washington Moon's tart rejoinder, "The Dean's English." The book has attracted this attention partly because many of its horrible examples are culled from the respectable columns of the *Times*, *Spectator*, and *Westminster Gazette*, and partly because it is, for a treatise on rhetoric, uncommonly sane. The *Spectator* takes the drubbing with good humor, generously praises the book as "delightful reading, if only for its wit and urbanity of style"; with sorrow confesses its sins, but asks whether, after all, "the tests are not too hard."

From one point of view they are too hard. Writing for daily or weekly publication can seldom strike a high level. Modern journalists too often follow Shakspere's example in never blotting a single line—not that they regard their product as impeccable, but that they have scant time for revision. The event of the week, an earthquake in San Francisco or the adjournment of Congress, presses for notice; the clock ticks, "Now or never." All things considered, the wonder is not that journalistic writing is generally bad, but that it is ever good. To censure its fugitive sheets as less carefully finished than Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" is like condemning a shelter tent because it is not St. Peter's at Rome. And yet if editors were content with the average output from their shops, the English of all dailies and periodicals would melt and swim in a deliquium of inanity. The ambitious journalist must keep his eyes on the classics. As a critic of books he is far inferior to Sainte-Beuve; as a political philosopher, he is not to be thought of with Burke; but unless he is familiar with his Sainte-Beuve and his Burke, unless he aims to come as near them as his powers and his subject permit, he fails. However indulgent his readers, he must always be intolerant of his own slip-shod performances—hitch his wagon to a star.

He may well take to heart, then, the warnings of "The King's English." He may not assent to all the rules and suggestions, but he cannot deny that he should prefer the familiar word to the far-fetched, the concrete to the abstract, and the single word to the circumlocution. He knows, when he stops to think, that "bad as the weather has been" is far more effective than "despite the unfavorable climatic conditions"; and that to press "proposition" into service at every emergency and to confuse "sewage" and "sewerage," "transpire" and "happen," "visualize" and "see," "shall" and "will," tends to destroy the usefulness of all these words.

Yet "The King's English," excellent as it is, has the defects of books of the kind: it is concerned chiefly with details of phrasing; it inculcates the negative virtue of avoiding gross errors, but offers little on the constructive side; it does not show—perhaps no book can—how to shape and proportion the whole, and impart interest and life. Of course, no man can be interesting unless he has something to say; but he must also be able to disentangle the significant from the insignificant, and to distribute his emphasis justly. The complete master of the precepts in "The King's English" might produce articles inflexibly precise and at the same time so slow in movement as to be unreadable. The fault of much manuscript submitted to this journal, for example, is not erratic punctuation, grammatical blunders, or improprieties. These are superficial vices. The articles are clogged with words, all of them correct, a fourth of them superfluous. In preparing manuscript for press more editorial labor is spent on trimming out the undergrowth of words than on any other one thing. Learned gentlemen imagine that we are eager for papers which begin thus:

> Among the many interesting questions—and they are various and important—which are being discussed at the beginning of the twentieth century by educators in all parts of this country, none demands more, if as much, serious consideration from parents, teachers, and pupils, from college trustees and school superintendents—in a word, from all those who are devoted to the development of humane studies—than the instruction of our boys and girls in the fine, and we may even say indispensable, art of writing English.

All this recalls an incident in Boswell's "Life of Johnson." "I took down Thomson," said Johnson, "and read aloud a large portion of him, and then asked, 'Is not this fine?' Shiels having expressed the highest admiration, 'Well, sir,' said I, 'I have omitted every other line.'" Every other line is not enough in the passage printed above. Apply the blue pencil unsparingly, and we get something like this:

> Teaching English composition is one of the most important questions now before educators.

Pruning is not everything, but it often makes an apparently dull article almost vivacious. The only safe rule, for amateurs and professionals alike, is to challenge every sentence and paragraph, and to hold every adjective, adverb, and qualifying clause under suspicion. The presumption should be that each, until proved innocent, deserves capital punishment.

PROFESSOR LANGDELL AND THE STUDY OF LAW.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., July 9.

The death last Friday of Prof. Christopher Columbus Langdell, at the age of eighty, terminates a career which is singularly complete and triumphant, and which must receive careful attention in any history of law or of education. Born in 1826, in the little New Hampshire village of New Boston, he was educated, largely by means of money he himself earned, at Phillips Exeter Academy, Harvard College, and the Harvard Law School. Thereafter for nearly twenty years he practised law in New York, known to few besides the lawyers by whom he was largely employed. It was not until 1870, when he had reached the age of forty-four, that he found his great opportunity. In that year

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he became Dane Professor of Law and Dean of the Law Faculty of Harvard University; and from that time until now there has been a Langdell system of study, and to describe or attack or defend that system has been one of the most frequent undertakings of law students and of law teachers. For a generation, no professor's name has been more widely known. Lately the discussions have been less heated, and perhaps less numerous, than formerly; but even now the question most often and most pressingly asked as to any law school is whether it uses the Langdell system. Professor Langdell himself spent no time in disputation. He simply devised the system, used it, and was content to let results test the correctness of his theory.

To introduce a new system of study at the Harvard Law School in 1870 was an act of great bravery. The school had been in existence for half a century. It was in great repute. Its professors had produced treatises which held, and still hold, a high place in the esteem of the profession. Even laymen have heard of the works of Story, Greenleaf, Parsons, and Washburn. Their productions had been largely the fruit of class-room lectures. By the method of instruction then current the student listened to lectures and read treatises; and, in order that the task might not be merely the memorizing of generalizations made by the lecturer or the text writer, some instructors devoted much time to discussing concrete problems. Many men are still living who know that the work of those old days must not be treated disrespectfully; but Professor Langdell, though trained in the method then current, was of opinion that he knew a method more scientific, more thorough, and better fitted to produce successful lawyers. He knew—as, indeed, every law student learns in the first week of his studies—that the existence and limits of a rule of law must be proved finally, not by a text-book, but by the reported decisions of courts. He knew that when a lawyer has occasion to test a rule of law he searches for those decisions. Professor Langdell determined that the student should be trained to use those original authorities, and to derive from judicial decisions, by criticism and comparison, the general propositions which text-writers, if they do their work conscientiously, find in the same manner; that, in other words, the student should not be fed with predigested food. The plan, as worked out, was that the instructor should reprint from the reports the cases adapted to show the growth of legal doctrine; that the student should master five or six cases in preparation for each class-room exercise; and that the exercise should consist of stating and discussing these cases and solving related hypothetical problems. However easy it may be to-day to see that this plan is reasonable, in 1870 it appeared to many persons, and indeed to most, impracticable and unscientific. The fact seems to be that this was an extremely early attempt to apply the inductive method of the laboratory to matters foreign to the natural sciences. To Professor Langdell it seemed the most natural plan possible. He had devised part of it in his own student days. He understood himself to be simply applying to the student stage of the lawyer's life the method established from time immemorial as to the work of the practitioner and the judge. On the title page of his first collection of cases, he tied himself to the past by quoting words written by Coke two centuries earlier: "It is ever good to rely upon the book at large, for many times *compendia sunt dispendia*, and *melius est petere fontes quam sectari rivulos*."

After Professor Langdell began the new plan, to persevere with it required further courage; for the majority of students, teachers, and practitioners showed only too clearly that they considered it foolish and almost sacrilegious to lay aside old methods and the time-honored treatises. Many years passed before the new system was adopted unanimously by Professor Langdell's colleagues. Meanwhile the Harvard Law School was bitterly attacked upon the supposition that this was the only method used; and in consequence, the attendance remained nearly stationary, being saved from serious diminution by nothing but the increase in the attendance upon Harvard College, and in the resort of Harvard graduates to the law school. About 1890 there came a great change. Almost simultaneously the Harvard Law School began to grow and the Langdell system began to spread to other universities. To-day, Professor Langdell's triumph is complete. Time has demonstrated that persons trained under his system are sound and successful lawyers. That system is now the only one employed at Harvard. Most of the other law schools use it, wholly or partly, or some modification of it; and those which cling to old methods find it advisable to insert in their announcements argumentative matter to the effect that they combine with the old methods some feaures of the method discovered by Professor Langdell. The law schools employing the new system, wholly or partly, in its unmodified form, are distributed widely; and leaving out of the account States in which there are no law schools at all, one might have traced for Professor Langdell a triumphal progress from the Atlantic to the Pacific, passing exclusively through States in which at least one law school professedly uses his system.

To present, even inadequately, the chief facts as to Professor Langdell's greatest achievement has rendered it impracticable to enumerate his other services. Yet it must not be forgotten that for twenty-five years he was the Dean of the Harvard Law School, administering numerous duties with justice and with painstaking attention to detail; that he did much to promote the vast growth of the Harvard Law Library; that he produced four selections of cases, pioneer volumes made with great labor; and that he wrote three treatises, unsurpassed for accuracy, originality, and clearness. It should be added that his system of study has required teachers of law to do work of greater thoroughness and has thus aided to create, as a sort of by-product, the dignified career, now pursued by ten times as many persons as in 1870, of the professional teacher of law.

This remarkable record has been recognized at Harvard in ways that are obviously not perfunctory. In 1895, when Professor Langdell resigned the deanship, there was a great assembly of Harvard Law School graduates in his honor. In 1900, when he resigned the Dane professorship, the Harvard corporation appointed him Dane Professor of Law, *Emeritus*. In 1903, the corporation named in his honor a Langdell professorship—an unprecedented compliment for Harvard to pay to a man still living. In 1906, the corporation assigned to the additional building for the law school the name of Langdell Hall; and when this building is completed it will be the only university building bearing the name of a professor.

And the man himself? Guileless, and shrewd; grave, and cheerful; modest, and fearless; not given to speech; persistent in the search for truth—on the last day of his life, though oppressed by infirmities, doing a full day's work; in short, the man's whole nature harmonized with his rank as a great master. To do justice to the rare genius just now gone, it is not necessary to speak slightingly of others. Has some other American, in any branch of knowledge, overthrown an established system of study and replaced it, in his own university and elsewhere, with a new and useful system so thoroughly identified with him that men call it by his name? If so, let the name of the man who has performed that brave and laborious service be placed beside Professor Langdell's at the head of the list of American scholars.

EUGENE WAMBAUGH.

A GREAT MUSEUM BUILDER.

Henry Augustus Ward, A.M., Sc.D., LL.D., to whom the scientific museums of America owe more than to any other man, was killed by an automobile at Buffalo, July 4. The world has its professors of zoölogy, its doctors of science and its curators, but it has had only one maker of museums in the class of this remarkable man. He was a unique personage, and, viewed to-day in the perspective which a third of a century can give, his genius and his works bulk large.

In the ordinary sense, Professor Ward was neither a scientific investigator, nor a college professor. In these lines he did not aspire to distinction; but his formal title he acquired properly during the five-year period when he was a member of the faculty of Rochester University, and there taught the natural sciences. His life was devoted to culling scientifically and accumulating the choicest objects for illustration of the processes of nature, to converting them into museum specimens, and finally to building museums. With him the idea of educating the masses in the natural sciences by means of object-lessons became an absorbing passion. He cared for money only to spend it in wider travel and more collections; and while he found purchasers for great collections as no other man ever did, the huge checks which he received he always joyously scattered to the ends of the earth in the purchase of more "museum material." The Field Columbian Museum was born in the Chicago Exposition, when Marshall Field handed to Professor Ward a check for $100,000 in payment for the Ward collection of zoölogy, geology, mineralogy, and paleontology there exhibited. At the University of Virginia the Lewis Brooks Hall of Science was designed by Professor Ward, erected under his direction, and filled in one grand coup from the splendid

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cabinets of mounted specimens in Ward's Natural Science Establishment. For the collections alone, Mr. Brooks, a Rochester philanthropist, paid Mr. Ward about $75,000.

Professor Ward was born in 1834. While a student at the School of Mines, in Paris, he became specially interested in fossils. From a knowledge of scientific value to an understanding of the money value of museum varieties was an easy step. As a good newspaper-man has a nose for news, so had he a nose for fossils; and he was born to travel. European naturalists went about comparatively little in those days, and the English Channel was as wide as the Atlantic now. Finding that certain fossils of the Continent were salable in England at good prices, he thought to pay the expenses of a visit to the London museums with a satchelful of specimens. The venture proved highly fortunate, and in a short time the young naturalist was astounded by his own success in bringing rarities to those who were ready to pay for them, even while he wondered at the dulness of his patrons, as collectors. Certain excavations then being made for wine cellars in the champagne belt of France, on the estate of Madame Clicquot, yielded to the hustling student a rich harvest of fossils which found ready sale all over Europe. And so he went on, adding to his collections and his reputation.

Professor Ward's most notable achievement as a scientist and educator was, in my estimation, the colossal task which culminated in the Ward Collection of Casts of Celebrated Fossils. While yet in his twenties, he was deeply impressed by observing the manner in which the vertebrate fossils of greatest scientific value were widely scattered through museums of Europe. He saw that for American students to visit all those places was impossible. How could fossils be made available to investigators and the general public in America? Thus he conceived the idea of painted plaster casts, made in America from moulds owned by him, and available to all the world. Then began the long-continued effort to secure the moulds desired. In this undertaking he encountered endless difficulties, the most serious of which was the strong disinclination of many museum officers to permit the copying of their most cherished zoölogical treasures. To meet obstacles of this character he displayed the utmost diplomacy, and made the strongest appeals in the sacred name of science. In the end the enthusiast won, and his victory has been of priceless value to American students. Poor indeed is the college or university museum which does not contain a series of "Ward Casts." About two hundred sets of them have, I think, found lodgment in the museums and higher institutions of learning in this country. The most noteworthy objects are the great megatherium, the dinotherium, glyptodon, colossochelys, mastodon, and elephas ganesa.

For at least twenty-five years the enormous extent of Professor Ward's museum-making industry at Rochester has been to every new visitor a source of wonder. Every department (it occupies fourteen buildings) is on a scientific basis. Fortunately, Professor Ward's enterprises always had the financial support of his family, notably his late uncle, Levi A. Ward, and his cousin, Frank A. Ward. Although the establishment has never produced noteworthy profits, in the last period of stringency several wealthy citizens of Rochester decided that an institution which had shed such lustre upon the city should not be permitted to perish from lack of capital; and the money for its permanent foundation was paid in to a stock company organization.

Henry A. Ward was the first American to take up the making of museums in a systematic and scientific manner. The collection which he finished about 1870, and placed for the citizens of Rochester in the museum of Rochester University, may justly be regarded as having set the pace. Even after a lapse of a third of a century, it is a good object lesson to aspiring museum-builders, a collection to study and admire. Another service of inestimable importance, which Professor Ward rendered to science in America, was his study of the finest museums of Europe, the method of their development, and the possible improvements. As early as 1873, when the best of our scientific museums were only in their swaddling clothes, and skilled museum preparators were a negligible quantity, Professor Ward assembled at Rochester a corps of the best French, German, and American taxidermists, osteologists, moulders, and modellers, that high wages could procure. In 1876 I was astonished at finding that Rochester afforded better facilities for the study of museum-making than Paris, London, or Berlin.

Through his coöperation, Professor Agassiz was enabled to fill the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy at Harvard, before any other American museum had more than begun to take notice. To-day the "men from Ward's" are much in evidence in the large museums of this country; and the severe training which Professor Ward bestowed upon his young naturalists is producing its proper results in scientific object-lessons of high character for Washington, New York, Brooklyn, Chicago, Pittsburgh, and Milwaukee. In New York the directors of the Brooklyn Institute Museum, the New York Aquarium, and the Zoological Park are men who graduated at "Ward's" in the early days.

About eight years ago, Professor Ward married Mrs. Lydia Avery Coonley of Chicago, and relinquished the detailed management of the Rochester establishment. After that, he devoted much time to completing his collection of meteorites, which for nearly twenty years has been a favorite interest. He brought it to a remarkable state of perfection, in comparison with the world's best meteorite collections, and about two years ago installed it for temporary exhibition in the American Museum of Natural History, where it is to-day. His last literary work was the publication of an elaborate annotated catalogue of the collection, a model of its kind.

At the age of seventy, Professor Ward went to Canada, and selected a particularly fine rock "specimen" to mark his last resting place. A massive and shapely bowlder of porphyry was brought to Rochester, erected on a prominent knoll in Mount Hope Cemetery, and his name was sculptured upon its face. Except for the chiseled inscription, the rock is as it came from nature's workshop. This last task of the always-forehanded man of science was not completed a day too soon. Thus passes from life a man whose services to science and also the unscientific millions were great, but understood and appreciated by those only who knew him best and longest. In one sense, the Lewis Brooks Hall of Science at the University of Virginia is his best material monument, for the reason that he made it all, and it stands alone. From 1870 to 1895 he was the man for the hour, the birth hour of many new museums, the renaissance of old ones. He wrought with high purpose; he lived to see the fruits of his genius and his labors; and in his peculiar field he leaves no understudy.

W. T. HORNADAY.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of the Bibliographical Society of America was held at Narragansett Pier July 2, President William C. Lane, librarian of Harvard University, in the chair. The secretary, C. Alex. Nelson, announced that after long delay caused by the printers' strike, vol. i., part i., of Proceedings and papers of the society for 1904-5 had been published and distributed to members. The secretary also announced the publication of the Minutes of the Common Council of the City of New York down to 1776, in eight octavo volumes, with a full index. John Thomson reported that the list of incunabula in American libraries compiled by the committee contained about 5,000 different titles, and would make a volume of more than 500 pages. This list the society proposes to publish in two parts, and to issue to members as its publication for the years 1906-7. Messrs. Lane, Kates, and Nelson were appointed a committee to secure a guarantee fund for the publication.

W. D. Johnston, of the Library of Congress, read a paper on the bibliographical work of the late Henry Carrington Bolton, his bibliographies of special subjects in chemistry, the two editions of his Catalogue of Scientific and Technical Periodicals, published by the Smithsonian Institution, his versatility in the treatment of such varied subjects as the counting-out rhymes of children and the study of musical sands. Dr. E. C. Richardson followed with some personal reminiscences of Dr. Bolton.

C. W. Andrews of the John Crerar Library, Chicago, took up the question of Union Lists of Periodicals. The secretary then read a brief paper on exactness and completeness in bibliographical work, written by Victor H. Paltsits of the Lenox Branch of the New York Public Library. J. C. M. Hanson of Washington discussed the cataloguing of early Americana prior to 1800, suggesting improvement and uniformity in this class of work. The subject was referred to a committee consisting of Messrs. Hanson, Legler, Bain, Winship, and G. W. Cole.

The secretary read a paper by Dr. Robert Fletcher on the "Index Catalogue of the Surgeon-General's Office," giving its history and a sketch of the method pursued in carding and indexing books and periodicals for that catalogue. A paper by Dr. P. R. Uhler on the "Origin and Development of the Peabody Institute Catalogue" was read by title. The president called attention to

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sample pages of the A. L. A. Portrait Index, now all in type, and explained the methods of arrangement adopted. The new form of publishing the list of copyright entries at the Library of Congress was also noted as a valuable piece of systematic bibliography.

In response to a call for suggestions as to the next piece of work to be published by the society the following were offered: A Bibliography of Codices, and a Coöperative List of the Periodicals at six or more great centres, by Dr. E. C. Richardson; a Bibliography of Early American Periodicals, by W. J. James. R. G. Thwaites reported that Prof. W. B. Cairns of the University of Wisconsin has such a list in preparation; he also announced the completion of a manuscript index of historical material in the libraries of Wisconsin, which would be put into print. James Bain of Toronto spoke of the work undertaken by the Champlain Society of Canada, which proposes to publish this year the first volume of the English translation of Lescarbot, and a catalogue of documents connected with seigniorial tenure in the Province of Quebec. He had been invited to collate and edit a bibliography of Canada based on the manuscripts in the larger libraries of Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, and Toronto. It was proposed to cover the period from 1700 to 1900. He spoke also of a new Bibliography of F. Mesplets, the first printer in Montreal, which is being prepared by Mr. McLachlan of that city. At a meeting of the Council, W. D. Johnston was requested to survey the field and report on the possibility of preparing a record of current bibliography.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, W. C. Lane; vice-presidents, R. G. Thwaites, E. C. Richardson; secretary, W. D. Johnston; treasurer, Carl B. Roden; librarian, Wilberforce Eames; councillor for four years, C. Alex. Nelson. The next meeting of the society will be held at Providence in December, in connection with the annual meeting of the American Historical Association.

JUNE PUBLICATIONS IN PARIS.

PARIS, June 29.

The Paris custom has it that new books published in June, the season's end, are either light and may be bought up for vacation reading, or they are heavy and must rely on a slow and steady sale rather than immediate success.

Of original works on history, there is a continuous flow, ever since students have had the chance of poring over contemporary documents. M. Ernest Lavisse of the French Academy has taken for himself the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, in the many-volumed "History of France," which he is editing for the house of Hachette. His first volume ("tome vii., fascicule 4," of the entire History) comprises the years 1643 to 1685—the Fronde, the King, Colbert. It is worth noting that M. Lavisse's "Youth of Frederick the Great"—the work which made his name and began his influence over the serious university men of the last generation but one—also appears in a fourth edition, which may be little for a popular novel, but is something for sober foreign history.

M. A. Luchaire, who had the years 987 to 1226 in M. Lavisse's History, brings out the third volume of his own "History of Innocent the Third"; it deals with the Papacy and the Empire, the previous volumes taking Rome and Italy and the Albigense Crusade. M. Luchaire is more than a trained investigator of original sources; he has a broad-minded interest in the events which he takes so much pains to narrate from contemporary documents—a view of history reminding the English reader of the late Lord Acton. In spite of their tried Liberalism, which would have been thought beyond dispute in the eighties of the last century, the critics of this new age find both M. Lavisse and M. Luchaire "reactionary"!

M. Emile Roca, from the anecdotic gleanings now so much in favor, and so much disliked by Herbert Spencer, goes on in his *Grand Siècle Intime* to the "Reign of Richelieu (1617-1642)." The Vicomte de Noailles gives us episodes in the Thirty Years' War in a volume from contemporary sources on the Lieutenant-General of the King's armies—no less a personage than Cardinal da La Valette, the militant archbishop of Toulouse, whom his own father nicknamed Richelieu's "cardinal-valet"; he seems to have been a poor general. The fifth descendant of Louis the Fourteenth's "surgeon and confidant," Georges Mareschal, writes the documentary history of his ancestor with savory details of the Grand Monarque's bedroom.

A limited public may be found for the Critical History of the Preaching of Lord Brougham's favorite orator—the Jesuit Bourdaloue—from the notes of his hearers and contemporary testimony; E. Griselle, Docteur-ès-Lettres, publishes the third volume of 500 pages. In Hachette's series of Great French Writers, M. Bossert takes up Calvin, whom we are scarcely accustomed to consider from the literary point of view.

It is hard to follow the deluge of publications concerning the French Revolution, few of which are valueless. Of original documents, we have at last the Private Correspondence of that duke and peer of France who put himself at the service of the Revolution, not without being called the secret agent of Philippe Égalité—the Duc de Lauzun, whom the revolutionists knew as Gen. Biron. After a youth of Louis Quinze dissipation, he fought in our War of Independence; but neither this nor his revolutionary exploits in France kept the tribunal of the Terror from cutting off his head. These letters are from the years 1791-1792; the Duke's Memoirs, published in 1822, with doubtful editorship, ended with the American war.

M. G. Lenôtre in the third series of his "Old Houses, Old Papers," gathers together the entertaining chapters of Revolutionary personal history, which he has been publishing in periodicals. The story of Santerre, the executioner of Louis the Sixteenth, in his later years, and the death of Roland (the husband of madame) are among the interesting pieces, but by no means the most adventurous and thrilling. The new, and this time authentic and complete, publication of all that concerns Madame Roland will shortly render a true life of that heroine possible, but not easy, considering the thousands of letters from her tireless hand. She comes up again with M. Lenôtre in his stirring picture of the end of her friends, the tracked Girondists.

The immense "Histoire Socialiste," from the years 1789 to 1900, directed by that limitless word-outpourer, M. Jean Jaurès, is not perhaps receiving the attention it really merits. It is clearly impossible that the writers of the various volumes should be considered authorities at first hand; in fact, most of them are members of Parliament. But they are the controversialists of the new Church; and this implies, not only deep familiarity with all objections to their views of events, but also a strong corps of faithful students to supply them with the documentary knowledge required. They may be said to give out to the general public the results of laborious studies made by such esteemed scholars and co-religionists as Professor Aulard. Two more large volumes appear this month—the seventh of the series on the Restoration (1814-1830), by M. Viviani, the able and combative Independent Socialist, whom the late elections have brought back to the Chamber of Deputies; and the eighth on the Reign of Louis Philippe (1830-1848), by M. Eugène Fournière, also a Socialist deputy, whom the Government some time since appointed historical lecturer at one of the great military schools. M. Jaurès himself fathered the four first volumes, from the beginning of the Revolution to the Terror, inclusive; M. G. Deville, Independent Socialist deputy, took the volume on Thermidor and the Directory; and M. Paul Brousse, one-time Communist and disciple of Bakunin, father of anarchy, later president of the Paris Municipal Council, and now Socialist deputy, had Consulate and Empire, with M. H. Turot, a Socialist editor. These qualifications of the authors may have averted the eyes of solid students from the work, but it contains the sound form of words and views which the children of the French Revolution now accept in regard to their fathers. The series is neither the least interesting nor the least profitable of the histories of the epoch-making Revolution, which have been attempted since the opening up to research of all the documents in the case.

M. Ernest Denis, who is favorably known for his books on what is contemporary history for the elders among us, has an important work, if only from general readableness and its presentment of the French point of view, "Foundation of the German Empire" (1652-1871), 540 pages. M. André Siegfried, son of the member of Parliament, has a careful study made on the spot, also from the enlightened French point of view, on "Canada, the Two Races"; it helps to give general views about history in the making near home.

Of lighter books which may be read out of France, Henri Gavedan, the Academician, has a new novel, "Le Bon Temps"; and Jean Aicard, who has so long been waiting just outside the Academy doors, publishes "Benjamine." The delightful narrator of the Simple Life in French provinces, M. Emile Guillaumin, announces a new book, "Albert Marceau, Adjutant," and Albert Boissière, in a novel "Jolie," continues his smiling mystifications. S. D.

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Correspondence.

THE FRESCOES AT ANAGNI.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I should like to obtain what information is possible concerning the frescoes in the crypt of the Duomo at Anagni. I cannot succeed in finding any literature upon this highly interesting work; and I understand by personal inquiry at Florence and Rome that there have been made no photographs obtainable by the public of these early examples of religious painting. An examination of them which lasted several hours last year inclines me to the belief that if they have not been carefully studied, some one properly qualified ought to make a detailed study of them. The fact that they seem to be quite untouched, and yet are strikingly fresh in preservation, increases their interest. The historical importance of Anagni and its central situation make it seem almost impossible that these frescoes have not been worked over by some specialist who has published his researches in some particularly inaccessible place. T. D. B.

Cambridge, Mass., July 6.

ANOTHER TEST OF GENIUS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Werner A. Stille's plan for testing the reasoning powers of candidates for "schools for geniuses" by proverbs or parables, is not a bad one, and has at least the merit of definiteness. Certain psychologists nowadays lay such stress on the relation between genius and madness that a teacher on the lookout for extraordinary mental manifestations in his pupils must sometimes be puzzled by the vagaries of precocity. And while you can never be sure that your musically, rhetorically, mathematically, or artistically gifted boy really harbors genius, neither, on the other hand, is it safe to predicate dulness of your shy and non-studious scribbler of immature verse, who hates the sciences or is deaf to music and blind to art. Make it thus possible for the perplexed teacher, if not to detect genius with absolute certainty, at least to keep out patent mediocrity. For this purpose a judgment test of some kind may be useful.

It may interest Mr. Stille to learn that more than forty years ago a newly installed teacher of German, at one of the schools of Vienna, with the evident intention of gauging as rapidly as possible the intellectual equipment of his new pupils, gave them a list of synonyms to define. It may safely be said that any boy, whether candidate for a school for geniuses or not, who can emerge from such a test creditably, has at least reasoning powers that are worth cultivating. I cannot imagine an essay on any subject that will so clearly give promise of future ability and usefulness in certain directions, as a successful definition of, let us say, these three simple synonyms, "affluence," "prosperity," "wealth."

But, it will be asked, is the teacher in search of genius materially helped by a process which merely draws a hard-and-fast line between the dull and the bright? Unhappily the experiment of the Vienna pedagogue proves nothing decisive. The best definitions in the synonym test were furnished by a boy considered up to that time one of the most backward of his class, slow of comprehension, morose, and altogether unpromising. He subsequently showed some literary aspirations, but failed to make a mark either in literature or in anything else. The genius of the class, a boy of remarkable artistic gifts, acquitted himself wretchedly, as always in his grammar lessons. He became not an artist, but a blacksmith. Of the class as a whole, not a few attained distinction in after life. Two of the pupils became well known literary men, one of them is the author of a play which in an English adaptation is frequently seen on the American stage; but neither of the two, as far as memory serves, gave the slightest indication of literary ability either at the test-examination mentioned or on any subsequent similar occasion. Perhaps the discerning teacher will wisely limit himself to the fostering of talent and let genius find its own way. In the language of Grillparzer:

Denn das Genie, es läuft in allen Gassen,
Doch seltener als je ist das Talent.

New York, July 5. G. P.

Notes.

E. P. Dutton & Co. will publish immediately "A Child's Recollections of Tennyson," by Edith Nicholl Ellison; "Court Life in the Dutch Republic, 1638-1689," by the Baroness Suzette Van Zalen Van Nyvelt; "Sigismonde Malatesta," by Edward Hutton; "The Memoirs of the Lord of Joinville," a new English version by Ethel Wedgwood; "Garden Graith, or Talks Among My Flowers" (a tenth edition), by Sarah F. Smiley; "A Benedick in Arcady," by Halliwell Sutcliffe; "Dearlove: The History of Her Summer's Make-Believe," by Francis Campbell; "Truth and Falsehood in Religion," by William Ralph Inge, M.A., D.D.; "Saint Bernardine of Sienna," by Paul Thureau-Dangin; "Joseph Priestly," by T. E. Thorpe, F.R.S., in English Men of Science Series; and "Trinity College, Cambridge," by W. W. Rouse Ball, in the College Monograph Series; "The Shores of the Adriatic, the Italian Side; Architectural and Archæological," by F. Hamilton Jackson, R.B.A.

The second volume of the *Harvard Psychological Studies*, edited by Prof. Hugo Münsterberg, appears with the imprint of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., who will henceforth be the regular publishers of it. The subscription price is $4 net.

The Oxford University Press has ready a history of "The Great Revolt of 1381" by Professor Oman. The late André Reville had projected a work on this movement, and had got together a vast collection of records of trials, inquests, petitions, and escheators' rolls for this purpose. Professor Oman has enjoyed the use of all these documents, and also includes some new and unpublished material regarding the poll-tax. He thinks he has discovered why that impost met with such universal detestation, how the poorer classes in England conspired to defeat its operation, and how the counterstroke made by the Government provoked the rebellion.

T. Fisher Unwin has published a volume of "Economic and Statistical Studies" by the late John Towne Danson, edited by Mrs. Norman Hill, Danson's daughter, who contributes a memoir of the author. Perhaps the most notable feature of the book is Danson's graphic illustrations of the variations in the prices of twenty-two of the principal commodities during the years from 1851 to 1890.

H. G. Wells, that rather extraordinary cross between Jules Verne and Herbert Spencer, has just finished a book based on observations made during his recent visit to this country. *Harper's Weekly* will begin its publication serially, July 14, under the title of "The Future in America."

The five separate books of Bliss Carman's "Pipes of Pan" are now bound together in a single volume and issued by L. C. Page & Co.

Henry Holt & Co. announce a fifth edition printing of Prof. Henry A. Beers's "English Romanticism in the Eighteenth Century." The book undoubtedly holds its popularity rather from the bits of excellent individual criticism scattered through its pages than from any philosophical grasp of the romantic movement as a whole.

From Armand Colin, Paris, we receive "Elaine," by Gabriel Franay, the delightful author of "Mon Chevalier," which was crowned by the French Academy and received a Montyon prize. "Elaine" is the sequel of "Axel," being the second part of "Comme dans un Conte." If not exactly the kind of book which French people are supposed to put into the hands of young girls, it is at least as innocent and considerably more refined than stories often given to the girls of Sunday schools. Hans Christian Andersen is one of the prominent characters; and his well-known poetical and light fancies will delight the reader. The heroine is a courageous yet delicate type of a certain class of young Frenchwomen, and is a sympathetic figure. The plot of the romance is original, and the touching story ends in a thunderbolt of tragedy. *Per contra*, in many chapters, such as that in which the children meet for a sleigh-ride to a Christmas-tree, the author's genius shines gayly, with lively wit.

We have already spoken of the English version of Sabatier's "Séparation des Églises et de l'État." Those who prefer to read this author in his own tongue should resort to the third, revised and enlarged edition which just comes to us from Fischbacher in Paris.

"Bibliotheca Romanica" is the name of a new undertaking in bookmaking by the press of J. H. Ed. Heitz, in Strassburg (Germany), which deserves attention in America, where similar series, like the Bibliotheca Teubneriana of Greek and Latin authors, the Tauchnitz Collection of British and American authors, or the collections in German by Reclam, Meyer, Hendel, and Hesse, are well appreciated. It is somewhat supplementary to these series, in that it purposes "to make accessible to scholars, students, teachers, and persons of culture of the world at large, in reliable editions in the original languages, and based on first-hand editions, those works of the French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese literatures of all ages, which are of

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accepted classical or international importance, as well as such other works from these literatures as are of interest for their literary value or for the history of civilization." The twenty-two numbers so far issued include works by Molière, Corneille, Racine, Descartes, Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarca, Calderon, Camöens. We are glad to find among these representative writers two of less renown, Restif de la Bretonne and Claude Tillier. The former, who is an important and interesting forerunner of Balzac and Zola, and whose life and writings have just been treated in a monograph by Eugen Dühren (Berlin, 1906), is represented by a drama, "L'an 2000," reprinted after a rare edition of Neufchâtel in 1790. The reimpression, from the original edition of 1843, of Tillier's "Mon oncle Benjamin" is especially meritorious. The subtle humor of this book has brought about its great popularity in Germany and Scandinavia (there are three German translations), although in France it appears to be in no special favor. It has, like all the other works so far edited, an introduction by Gustav Gröber, professor of Romance Philology at the University of Strassburg, well known as the editor of the "Grundriss der romanischen Philologie." The textual supervision and the short but comprehensive introductions (always in the vernacular of the work commented on) as well as the carefully selected variants given below the text (cf. Dante's "Inferno," "Rime de Petrarca," Molière's "Misanthrope"), coming from such an authority, make those handy, well-printed little volumes a delight to both the scholar and the general reader. The size of the book is about that of Hoepli's manuals. They are unbound, so as to enable the buyer to have numbers bound together in such combinations as may suit his taste. The price of each number is 40 pfennigs, or 10 cents.

The first instalment of an encyclopedia of a character and scope as unique as it is vast in its conception, is brought out by the firm of B. G. Teubner, Leipzig. Its title, "Die Kultur der Gegenwart, ihre Entwicklung und ihre Ziele," shows that it is intended to be not only a dictionary of culture, but also to emphasize the problematic sides of our civilization and its vital tendencies. Four great divisions will embrace what the Germans call *Geisteswissenschaften*, *Naturwissenschaften* and *Technik*, the two latter forming the third and fourth divisions; while the *Geisteswissenschaften* form the first and second, subdivided into General Foundations of present civilization (*Kultur*), Religion, Philosophy, Literature, Music, Art, and into State, Society, Law, Economics. Two volumes have been completed so far, the one on the Greek and Latin Languages and Literatures, the other on Christian Religion, including the Israelitish-Jewish Religion.

In "The Biology of the Frog" (The Macmillan Company, $1.60), Prof. S. J. Holmes of the University of Wisconsin has brought together from reliable sources a large amount of useful information as to structure, development, functions, and behavior of the inoffensive, common, and convenient amphibian which, as Jeffries Wyman used to say, seems to have been created for teachers and students of physiology, histology, and certain sides of anatomy. In this, however, as in most works of the kind, there is too little recognition of the fact that, in many respects, the frog, like man, is a morphologic monstrosity; our author, indeed, does not even comment upon the secondary fusion of the olfactory lobes, a misleading condition fortunately rare among vertebrates. The first chapter includes a somewhat too condensed account of the entire class, and the initial paragraph furnishes numerous illustrations of the difficulty of formulating characters that are at once constant throughout a large group and peculiar to it. There is little evidence of original work, but the writer has probably verified most of the statements. The illustrations are clear and mostly from standard works. Fig. 4 is credited to "Wilder"; it should be Harris H. Wilder (of Smith College), and the name should be in the "Index of Authors"; there should likewise be some reference to his observations on the "lungless salamanders." Certain points might easily be criticised, *e. g.*, the representation of the European *Proteus* rather than the American *Necturus*, and the detailed account of a European salamander rather than of a native form. Typographic errors are commendably few, the most notable being the uniform injection of a *c* into *Wiedersheim*.

A book of five hundred and thirty-six pages, entitled "Consumption: Its Relation to Man and his Civilization, its Prevention and Cure," by John Bessner Huber, M.D. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.), well fulfils the aim that the writer sets for it, of placing before the public, in not too technical a form, the facts with regard to tuberculosis and the efforts which are being made for its prevention and eradication. Every third or fourth adult, the writer says, dies of consumption, and the problem of how to make headway against such an enemy is one which not physicians alone, but all thoughtful men, are called upon to meet The book is written with spirit and should be widely read. The style is a little diffuse, but as a whole this is a good and timely piece of work.

The *Museums Journal* for May contains the discussion on the papers read at the Museums Association's conference at Worcester, last year, dealing with the "Relation of Provincial Museums to National Institutions." The papers themselves have been printed in earlier numbers. John Minto, in the opening address, offered an able presentation of the whole problem, which is, he said, "how our museums, both provincial and national, may best be utilized as factors in our national system of education." A national museum unavoidably contains a large number of duplicates which could well be utilized in a loan department for the benefit of provincial and local museums; and the speaker suggested that the British Museum institute such a department to work in coöperation with the circulating department at South Kensington. A local museum should store and exhibit specimens of local flora, fauna, geology, ethnology, antiquities, industry, and, in addition to these, typically characteristic specimens. Mr. Minto found that comparatively large space is given to the articles shown, compared with that taken to explain what is shown. He also raised the questions of increased Government aid to museums and of the desirability of their closer coördination with other educational forces, perhaps under one local educational authority. The discussion turned chiefly on the question of extended Government aid and consequent inspection. Attention was called to the development of museums in the United States as the result of individual energy, but most of the speakers agreed that the Government could indeed give a great impetus to the development of local institutions by aid in many ways, especially by employing, in connection with the central museums, a number of experts in various lines who could go out, as a sort of peripatetic curators, and assist the curators of smaller museums. W. W. Watts of the Victoria and Albert Museum remarked that it did not seem to be generally known by museum curators what that institution was really doing to aid smaller museums, one of its fundamental features being to offer loan collections, grants of money, and expert advice. "Any information gained at South Kensington by specialists was at the disposal of any properly constituted municipal authority."

A more cosmopolitan boys' high school than Victoria College at Alexandria, Egypt, it would be difficult to find. Out of a total of 186 pupils, said Lord Cromer at the laying of the foundation stone of a new building, 30 are Christians, 67 are Israelites, 39 are Moslems, while of different nationalities there are Egyptian, Turkish, Syrian, Armenian, Maltese, Greek, English, French, Italian, Spanish, Dutch, Swiss, and Belgian pupils. The object of the institution is to provide for the upper classes in Egypt of all nationalities and creeds a school for the education of their sons, which will, as far as possible, follow the lines of an English public school. After commending its value as an educational institution he closed his address with the expression of the hope that the college would help towards the political and social fusion of the various races who inhabited the valley of the Nile, an end to which the efforts of all true Egyptian reformers should be directed. Religious instruction is given at the request of the parents who desire it, by teachers whom they have themselves chosen.

Dr. M. A. Stein, whose archæological researches in Eastern Turkestan in 1900-1 were so successful, is on his way to the same region at the head of a mission sent out under the auspices of the Indian Government and the British Museum. It includes a trained native surveyor for geographical work, and is equipped for a period of two years. He hopes that by further excavations in the desert ruins he will be able materially to add to our knowledge of the ancient inhabitants and their history. His previous investigations showed for the first time the full extent to which Indian influence had penetrated here, not merely through the propagation of the Buddhist religion, but as regards language, material culture, and art. They also demonstrated that the influence of the Classical West had reached this part of Central Asia during the first centuries of the Christian era. In Chinese Turkestan Russian and German scientific men are at work, and a French archæological ex-

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pedition is about to start to pursue investigations from Kashgar to Peking.

A scientific expedition to the Melanesian Islands is strongly advocated by Dr. A. C. Haddon, F.R.S., having for its main object the investigation of their anthropological problems. Among these are the causes which led to the transition from mother-right to father-right and the different stages of its progress, the evolution of the family, and the distribution and inheritance of property. Melanesia is also a favorable area for tracing the emergence of government. It is only by the careful regional study of restricted areas—and there are many districts in the islands never yet visited by a white man—that the real meaning of the institutions and their metamorphoses, as well as of the many religious beliefs, can be understood. This work of studying the psychology of backward peoples has been greatly neglected, and there should be no delay in sending out this expedition, as changes are rapidly taking place among the natives which tend to modify or destroy the old customs. Much has already disappeared in many places, but we are yet in time in many others. As a part of the equipment he proposes a cinematograph for recording the dances and ceremonies of the natives. He closes his appeal, made before the Royal Geographical Society, with an expression of his hope that American investigators may be led to join in these researches.

At the annual meeting of the London Library, June 14, the president, Arthur Balfour, said that its main object was still the same as that which led Dean Milman, Sir G. C. Lewis, Gladstone, Carlyle, Henry Hallam, and other eminent men to found it sixty-five years ago. It was to provide a place, not for spending an idle hour agreeably, but for the purpose of historic, scientific, and philosophical research. In some respects, as in the department of foreign literature, it excelled all other English libraries, even that of the British Museum. To aid in this research work a catalogue of subjects was being prepared for its quarter of a million volumes. The value of this catalogue in giving the sources of all available information on any subject was, he believed, quite incalculable. Lord Curzon said that he had been so impressed with the advantages of the library that he had succeeded in creating in Calcutta an institution which endeavored to combine the features of the library with the reading room of the British Museum. The circulation of books for the past twelve months was 129,748.

Walter Jerrold sends to the *Athenæum* two brief poems by Charles Lamb which have hitherto escaped the collectors of Eliana. One is a stanza signed C. L—b, which appeared in the *Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction* for June 1, 1833. As it is indexed "Lamb, C., lines by," there can be no doubt of the authorship. It is as follows:

FROM THE LATIN.

As swallows shrink before the wintry blast,
And gladly seek a more congenial soil,
So flatterers halt when fortune's lure is past,
And basely court some richer lordling's smile.

In the same periodical for May 7, 1836, Mr. Jerrold has found the following:

C. LAMB.—The following lines were written by the late C. Lamb upon the cover of a book of blotting paper.—F. W. L.

Blank tho' I be, within you'll find
Relics of th' enraptured mind:
Where truth and fable, mirth and wit,
Are safely here deposited.
The placid, furious, envious, wise,
Impart to me their secresies;
Here hidden thoughts in blotted line,
Nor sybil [sic] can the sense divine,
Lethe and I twin sisters be—
Then, stranger, open me and see.

Another correspondent of the *Athenæum* has settled the facts regarding Fielding's first marriage, which have hitherto eluded the search of his biographers. In the registers of St. Mary's Church, Charlcombe, this entry has been found: "November ye 28, 1734. Henry Fielding, of the parish of St. James in Bath, Esq., and Charlotte Cradock of ye same parish, spinster, were married by virtue of a licence from ye Court at Wells." Charlcombe is about two miles from Bath.

The fact that H. B. Irving has decided to make his first appeal to an American audience in the "Paolo and Francesca" of Stephen Phillips is interesting as an indication of the young man's desire to associate himself at the first, in the American mind, with the higher, literary drama, in behalf of which his father worked so successfully. The elder Irving, it is true, made his first appearance here in "The Bells," but his extraordinary performance of Mathias raised the piece to an intellectual plane far above that of the commonplace melodrama in which it was originally conceived. The son, very wisely, does not yet venture to attack that part, but he is to be seen in "Charles I." and "Louis XI.," two sufficiently bold experiments, and also in "The Lyons Mail," "Mauricette," and in two Shaksperian characters, Hamlet and Iago. The more trustworthy London critics are agreed that H. B. Irving is an actor of marked and independent ability, by no means unworthy to follow in his father's footsteps, if not quite able thus far to fill his shoes.

Robert Mantell will produce, next season, W. S. Gilbert's delightful parody of "Hamlet," "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern." He himself will appear as King Claudius. The piece has frequently been played in London and always with success. It is full of Mr. Gilbert's most characteristic humor.

The managers of the young Japanese actress Fuji-ko announce that she will soon appear in London in a one-act dream play, called "The Love of a Geisha," and the natural presumption is that the entertainment will be seen later on in this city. It is said to be the embodied idea of the doctrine of Nirvana, reduced to popular form. Illusions representative of Eastern dream visions are the work of "a renowned Japanese artist," and an Occidental version of the original Japanese music will be given.

Justin Huntly McCarthy is putting the finishing touches to a new play entitled "Cæsar Borgia." The character of the soldier-cardinal, with its varied aspects, is of a kind to appeal strongly to the melodramatist. Now that he has about completed his play, Mr. McCarthy, after his custom, is turning it into a novel. Which will appear first, play or novel, is as yet unsettled.

Ellen Terry is to receive a public welcome in her native city, for the mayor and corporation of Coventry have decided to present her with an address on the occasion of her coming visit, to lay a memorial tablet in a new theatre. The luncheon will be held in St. Mary's Hall. This hall is used for the trial scene in "Adam Bede." The description of it is just as good to-day as when George Eliot attended lectures and concerts in it in the forties: "Grim, dirty armor hung in high relief from the dark oaken gallery at the further end; and under the broad arch of the great mullioned window opposite was spread a curtain of old tapestry, covered with dim, melancholy figures, like a dozing dream of the past." The noble piece of tapestry was executed to commemorate the close connection of Henry VI. and Margaret of Anjou with Coventry. It was mutilated badly during the Parliament wars.

Although "Col. Newcome" is reported as a great popular success at His Majesty's Theatre, in London, it may be noted that the piece is to be withdrawn at the end of the present season, and that on Mr. Tree's forthcoming provincial tour it will be played alternately with "Business is Business" and "The Man Who Was." Nor will it be reproduced in London on the first of September, when His Majesty's will reopen, as that date is set aside for a revival of "The Winter's Tale," with Ellen Terry, Viola Tree, Basil Gill, Charles Warner, and others in the cast. Mr. Tree is to be seen in "Macbeth" in October.

William Archer comes to the defence of Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton's "The Macleans of Bairness," which he describes as a veritable and powerful problem play, although he admits that the effect is badly marred by clumsy workmanship. The piece, it will be remembered, revolves around a situation in which a female victim of the young Pretender—having been forced into marriage with a man who is supposed to be dying, but who recovers—is about to confess her lapse to her husband when the Pretender is again thrown upon her hospitality, and she is compelled to shelter him at the expense of her husband's reasonable but unfounded suspicion. Mr. Archer writes:

On the whole, it must be said that Mrs. Lyttelton has spoilt a finely imagined and, up to a certain point, an ably-developed theme by overlaying its truly dramatic possibilities with incidents of merely external picturesqueness—disguises, surprises, alarums, excursions, and all the conventional frippery of romantic melodrama. As a rule, I am no believer in revised and corrected editions of dramatic works. If your statue does not come out perfect from the first casting, it is seldom any use to tinker at it—better scrap it and start afresh. But there are exceptions to every rule, and I am not sure that it might not be worth Mrs. Lyttelton's while to remodel her last three acts and give so strong a theme another chance of success.

There is not much hope for a play of which three out of four acts need to be remodelled.

"Superb gesture absolute and right always." This single phrase, which occurs more than once in Mr. Macfall's little volume on "Sir Henry Irving" (John W. Luce & Co. $1 net), may be quoted as a fair example of the spirit and judgment manifested throughout the whole work. That the gesture of this remarkable actor was, in many of his parts, singularly elaborate, subtile, eloquent or appropriate, is a truism; that

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it was ever superb or always absolute and right, few even among his most ardent admirers would be bold enough to assert. Of these few Mr. Macfall is one. Nor is he less courageous or dogmatic in his estimate of Sir Henry's other histrionic qualifications. He does admit, indeed, by implication, that his idol had mannerisms which certain fatuous detractors loved to dwell upon; but practically, his sketch, for it is little more, is one outburst of rhapsodic eulogy, untempered by knowledge, insight, or discretion. It might be supposed that his chief object was to furnish picturesque letter-press—in which he is fairly successful, for he writes with vigor and facility—to correspond with the designs of Gordon Craig, which are highly impressionistic, sometimes very effective, but only remotely suggestive of the original. In itself the little book, with its excellent paper, admirable typography, and abundant margins, is attractive and artistic, but as a tribute to Irving it is in almost all respects insufficient. A man such as he, notable for his virtues, his defects, and his achievements, is worthy of a biographer with some sense of proportion. A monument may more easily be built upon a quicksand than fame can be established upon flattery.

The engagement of Camille Saint-Saëns for an American tour next season is announced in the *Musical Courier*. Such a tour would be a notable event, for Saint-Saëns is not only the greatest composer France has ever produced, he is also a first-class pianist, organist, and conductor. His advanced age—seventy-one—would not militate against such a trip, for he is an indefatigable traveller.

By the death of Prof. Heinrich Reimann, Germany loses one of her great organists. He was the first to reveal the full beauty and grandeur of the organ music of Liszt. Luckily, there is another specialist now in the field—Karl Straube of Leizig, who has undertaken to edit all of Liszt's organ works.

Many German cities now have their Richard Wagner streets, but Greater Berlin is going to name a whole quarter after him. In the Friedenau district there is to be a Wagner Place, from which there will radiate eight streets named after the heroines in Wagner's operas: Elsa, Eva, Sieglinde, Senta, Isolde, Ortrud, Gutrune, and Kundry.

Although Mr. Conried sold over $200,000 worth of "Parsifal" tickets the first year he gave that opera in New York, Bayreuth still flourishes; very much so, indeed. Every seat for the twenty performances of the festival which begins this month was sold several weeks ago. That means receipts of about $150,000; and, as the expenses are small, few costly singers being engaged, Cosima and Siegfried Wagner will again pocket about $100,000 clear profits.

Of the $6,000 necessary for the purchase of Bach's house at Eisenach, about $2,000 remains to be collected.

The report that the San Carlo Opera Company is to visit America the coming season is emphatically denied by the secretary of the San Carlo Theatre. He would have to be a very foolish or a very courageous manager who would undertake to try a third grand opera company next winter in New York—for New York is the only American city (now that San Francisco is out of the question) that cares enough for opera to make it profitable.

Ernest Newman of London contributes an interesting article on Brahms to the July number of the *New Music Review*, in which he tries to explain why that composer is so antipathetic to many people. He finds the reason largely in "the prevailing ashen grayness of his music," and his inability to exult at any time. On the other hand, while some of his music is pity-moving, "there is no pathos in it, in the real sense of the word." His writing is that of a profoundly depressed, disappointed man. This was the quality in it that alienated Nietzsche. Brahms's melancholy, he said, was the "melancholy of impotence." "A thousand hearers," adds Mr. Newman, "have had much the same impression." Again: "There is something elderly in this music. . . . It does not feel the joy of life." Mr. Newman then proceeds to trace these traits, this weariness and fretfulness, to his heredity and his upbringing. His mother was forty-four, and a sickly woman, when he was born. Her first child suffered all her life from bad headaches. Brahms's brother Fritz died at an early age of a disease of the brain, and he himself as a boy was subject to nervous headaches. Nor as a child did he have the advantages of good air, abundant food, and happiness to counteract these drawbacks. To sum up: he began life "with something lacking in the innermost springs of his soul—the poor, little, peevish, ailing, badly nourished mother, who bore him in the decline of her days, the scanty food, the sunless rooms, the childhood that was dark and joyless within and without. Add to this the disease of the liver of which both Brahms and his father died, and we get data enough to account for the jarred and jangled nervous system that put him out of tune with life."

Some of Richard Strauss's remarks at a rehearsal of his sensational opera "Salome" at Prague have been put on record by a member of the orchestra and printed in the *Leipziger Nachrichten*. At one place he stopped the orchestra and said to the players: "Gentlemen, that must sound very sweet—must smack, as it were. Imagine yourselves eating a luscious pear which actually melts on the tongue." Such moments, however, were rare. On the whole, he showed that he regarded the orchestra as the prime factor. "No consideration for the singers! In this opera there is no consideration," he exclaimed at one place. The passage was repeated more vigorously. Then came a place where the trombone and trumpets added to the din. Again Strauss interrupted them. "Children," he said, "that is too gentle. We want wild beasts here. This is no civilized music; it is music which must crash. Go to the zoo and listen to the wild beasts there. That's the way it must sound."

NOTES ON RELIGIOUS BOOKS.

Prof. Henry Melvill Gwatkin of Cambridge University, author of several essays on the Arian Controversy, sends out a volume of some twenty-eight sermons under the title "The Eye for Spiritual Things." (Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, $1.50 net.) It is a pleasure to take up an honest book of sermons, one which does not pretend to be anything other than a collection of occasional discourses on spiritual themes. English sermons of the best type—and Dr. Gwatkin's are of this sort—afford a peculiar delight and satisfaction. They are chaste and dignified, orderly and quiet, without screaming for oratorical effect, conveying a happy sensation of established faith and power held in reserve. An English preacher is not afraid to introduce a discussion of the meaning of a Greek word, nor to assume some small knowledge of important matters in Church history. The present volume ranges over a wide class of subjects, though no theme is handled which is not of importance in the religious life. The point of view is indicated in the following sentence: "The knowledge of God is not to be earned by sacrificing reason to feeling, or feeling to reason, by ascetic observance or by orthodox belief; it is given freely to all that purify themselves with all the force of heart, and soul, and mind."

Now that the Episcopal Church is casting out Dr. Crapsey, perhaps the Baptists may lay claim to being the "roomiest church in America," an honor Phillips Brooks asserted for the Episcopalians. Professors Schmidt and Foster, who are both Baptists, maintain the doctrines for which Dr. Crapsey was condemned, and the best-known Baptist teacher of systematic theology, Dr. William Newton Clarke, has said that the dogmatics of the future would need no doctrine of inspiration. That the newer views have not penetrated to the denominational headquarters is shown by Dr. Eaches's "Commentary on Hebrews, James, I. and II. Peter" (Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society). This official commentary is altogether in the bonds of traditional orthodoxy. It is announced as a "popular commentary upon a critical basis," but the criticism on which it is based is certainly of a very dogmatic and unenlightened sort. If one thing in New Testament criticism is established it is that II. Peter is not authentic, but Dr. Eaches conveys the impression that recent scholarship favors the Petrine authorship. The weighty arguments against the authenticity of I. Peter and James are scarcely mentioned. The difficulty over the eloquence of Balaam's ass is met by the explanation that the whole affair was a vision. Works of this sort tend to bring denominational publication houses into disrepute.

Professor Charles Foster Kent, Woolsey Professor of Biblical Literature at Yale, is well known as author and editor of several volumes and series of volumes which aim to popularize the results of Old Testament criticism. His latest undertaking of this sort, "The Origin and Permanent Value of the Old Testament" (Charles Scribner's Sons, $1.00 net), is designed for clergymen and Sunday-school teachers who have little technical knowledge of Biblical criticism, but who may wish to learn without too much trouble what the critics are teaching about the Biblical documents. This end is well attained. The style is clear, confusion of detail and argument is avoided, and salient features are kept well to the fore. The positions advanced are those generally accepted, disputed points being avoided. The author is optimistic of a revival of interest in the Old Testament through the spread of knowledge of

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the results of criticism. He suggests methods to be employed in using the Old Testament in Sunday-schools and day-schools, and sketches a rough outline of a course of study extending over several years. A detailed plan, suitable for actual school use, carrying out the suggestions of this outline, would be heartily welcomed.

The hold of conservative views in regard to the New Testament upon many English students of undoubted scholarship is illustrated by Dr. Dawson Walker's "The Gift of Tongues and Other Essays" (imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, $1.75 net). The purpose here is confessedly apologetic, and that in the narrow sense of defending the historical validity of the Acts and the early date of both the Acts and the Gospel of Luke. Competent critics hold that the account of the speaking with tongues in the second chapter of the Acts is a misinterpretation of that phenomenon common in early Christianity which Paul describes so graphically in the first Corinthian letter, and the inference would seem to be justified that the narrative of Pentecost was written at a later date, when the matter was no longer understood. The argument of Dr. Walker that the *glossolalia* at Pentecost was actually a speaking in foreign languages, induced by the medley of tongues heard in Jerusalem on the occasion of the great feast, is ingenious, but will hardly carry conviction. Even Professor Ramsay, the doughty champion of the Acts, admits that in Acts ii. "another popular tale seems to obtrude itself," and that the narrative is due to the "disorting influence of popular fancy." In another essay, Dr. Walker struggles manfully, but hardly successfully, to reconcile the accounts in Acts of Paul's visits to Jerusalem with the Apostle's own testimony in Galatians. The larger and more important question as to what the gift of tongues really was, both in primitive Christianity and in other ages in which it has occurred, and how the phenomenon should be interpreted psychologically, Dr. Walker does not consider. His interest is exclusively in establishing the harmony and trustworthiness of the writings attributed to Luke and Paul. It must be said that his effort is of little account against the difficulties brought out in the writings of Weizsäcker, McGiffert, and Bacon.

The Rev. Dr. David W. Forrest, an Edinburgh theologian of conservative tendency but tolerant spirit, is the author of a discussion of "The Authority of Christ" (imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, $2 net). The work occupies the same mediating position as this writer's "Christ of History and of Experience," issued a few years ago. The thesis is that Jesus is not to be regarded as authority in matters of literary criticism, to determine the authorship of a Psalm or to decide whether the stories about Abraham are legendary or historical, but that his authority consists purely in his "final revelation of religious truth and practice, of 'what man is to believe concerning God, and what duties God requires of man.'" Dr. Forrest has much to say to his orthodox confrères about the "illegitimate extension of Christ's authority," but just where he would draw the line between "illegitimate extension" and proper continency in this matter he does not make clear, nor does he establish plainly his right to draw any line at all. The discussion leaves much to be desired in point of clarity and logic. The term authority itself is not defined. The presuppositions, both dogmatic and historical, are somewhat large for those not used to the ways of Scotch theology. Yet doubtless some who cannot go the length of Sabatier in his rejection of all "Religions of Authority" may here find standing-ground whereon they can admit the more pressing contentions of critical students, while holding to the principle of authority as tenaciously as before.

Students of the New Testament who noted the exhaustive work of James Hardy Ropes on the Agrapha, or sayings of Jesus outside the canonical Gospels, issued in German some years ago, will be prepared to give a cordial welcome to his more popular lectures on "The Apostolic Age in the Light of Modern Criticism" (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net). Examination of the work reveals not only a thorough and painstaking scholar, but also a writer of no little skill in holding material well in hand, in suppressing overplus of detail and bringing salient points into the clear, and also in presenting critical results with a minimum of offence to traditionalists. In the present state of popular information it is difficult to write on the history of the period without attracting more attention to critical questions than to the history one desires to narrate. Professor Ropes has met this difficulty admirably, and the stirrings of great days occupy one's mind as one reads these lectures. The portrayal of the personality of Paul is especially vivid. The poetical element in the character of the great missionary has scarcely found better description than in this essay. Professor Ropes is more conservative in critical opinion than one might expect. Of the Acts he writes, "It approves itself not as infallible nor as equally trustworthy in all its parts, but yet as so good history that a discriminating use of it yields a solid body of critically sifted knowledge." He holds that Luke was the author, and also that I. Peter is authentic. There are occasional blunders in proofreading; the subject has been omitted from the third sentence in Chapter I., and the verb from a sentence on page 75. A strange slip occurs on page 194f., "Paul not only found in the word of Proverbs about muzzling the ox a warrant for the support of the Christian missionary by those for whom he labored," etc. The work about muzzling the ox is not from Proverbs, but is found in Deuteronomy xxv. 4.

JOHNSON WITHOUT BOSWELL.

Lives of the English Poets. By Samuel Johnson, LL.D., edited by George Birkbeck Hill, D.C.L. With brief memoir of Dr. Birkbeck Hill by his nephew, Harold Spencer Scott, M.A. Three vols. New York: Oxford University Press. $10.50.

The Dr. Johnson whom all of us know is Boswell's Johnson and nothing else. Not one man in a thousand who has read Boswell's book retains any other impression of the great lexicographer than that to which Macaulay has given full expression. "In the foreground," he writes, "is that strange figure which is as familiar to us as the figures of those among whom we have been brought up, the gigantic body, the huge massy face, seamed with the scars of disease; the brown coat, the black worsted stockings, the gray wig with the scorched foretop, the dirty hands, the nails bitten and pared to the quick. We see the eyes and mouth moving with convulsive twitches; we see the heavy form rolling; we hear it puffing; and then comes the 'Why, sir!' and the 'What then, sir?' and the 'No, sir!' and the 'You don't see your way through the question, sir!' . . . The reputation of those writings, which he probably expected to be immortal, is every day fading; while those peculiarities of manner and that careless table-talk, the memory of which he probably thought would die with him, are likely to be remembered as long as the English language is spoken in any quarter of the globe." Johnson's fame as an author is indubitably obscured by the portrait drawn of him as a person by the genius of Boswell. If his books are, or ought to be, on the shelves of every gentleman's library, they are allowed to remain undisturbed. Only two still live—the "Vanity of Human Wishes" and the "Lives of the English Poets." They alone have earned that sort of immortality which is given by the vote of that much despised general public whose verdict is the final judge of merit.

It was a happy idea of Dr. Birkbeck Hill to publish the "Lives" in what will probably be their final edition; and by singular good fortune the labors of editorship, in so far as they were left uncompleted at Hill's death, have fallen into the hands of a nephew who has fully carried out his uncle's conception of thorough work. With these volumes in hand it is worth while to try to form some estimate of Johnson as an author, and to consider how we should now have looked upon his work if he had never met Boswell.

The fanaticism of hero-worshippers naturally excites even calm critics to underrate Johnson's claim to high place among England's men of letters. We grant that in the "Lives of the Poets" Johnson's genius was subject to marked limitations. Neither as a biographer nor as an author did he strike out a single new idea. He had not a spark of the originality of Burke, Hume, or Adam Smith. Characteristically again, in common with the ordinary educated Englishmen of his day, he took no interest, except by way of opposition, in the intellectual movement of the age. He died in full possession of his faculties in 1784, six years after the death of Voltaire, and five years before the meeting of the French States General, but there is little or nothing, either in the "Lives" or in Johnson's conversations as recorded by Boswell, which shows keen appreciation of the ideas which day by day were gaining greater influence, or any prescience of the coming revolution, which was destined to transform not only the political institutions, but also the thought of Europe. Moreover, Johnson's criticism lacked two qualities which, for the last seventy years, have been held of supreme importance. The first is capacity for sympathetic appreciation; the other is a conception of the historic method. Whether these qualities are really essential to sound criticism, may be questioned. Whatever their worth, they were certainly

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not possessed by the author of the "Lives of the Poets."

Let every concession be made, however, which can fairly be demanded by the sternest censor; let it be admitted that Johnson, as a critic, occasionally made grotesque blunders, and that it is hard to understand how a writer capable of expressing fervent admiration for Milton's poetry, could yet write of "Lycidas" the following condemnation:

In this poem there is no nature, for there is no truth; there is no art, for there is nothing new; its form is that of a pastoral, easy, vulgar, and therefore disgusting: whatever images it can supply are long ago exhausted; and its inherent improbability always forces dissatisfaction on the mind.

Johnson also declares of "Samson Agonistes" that "it is only by a blind confidence in the reputation of Milton that a drama can be praised in which the intermediate parts have neither cause nor consequence, neither hasten nor retard the catastrophe." Let it further be noted that every page of this last edition of the "Lives" betrays through the very care of its editors the carelessness of Johnson. Let all this be admitted, and there still remains the one question worth answering: What, judging from the "Lives of the Poets," are the qualities which place Johnson in high rank among English men of letters?

Of these qualities the most obvious and important is that every page is pervaded by Johnson's personality. His good sense, his strength, his very prejudices, and a certain rough carelessness as to petty details, all give vividness to the biographies of men, many of whom, but for Johnson, might at the beginning of the twentieth century be entirely forgotten. Throughout the "Lives" the reader feels in contact not so much with a book as with a living man. This power of throwing an author's own character into his writing has nothing to do with egotism or self-consciousness. It is one of the rarest of gifts. All of us have known writers of wit and wisdom who in private life were the delight of friends and who as authors were the teachers of their generation; yet by some curious fatality they could not, or would not, put themselves into their books. In print they kept indeed their wisdom and their subtlety, but they did not reveal the pungency or the pleasantry which gave to their talk its exquisite flavor. Compare Johnson's "Lives" with the series of lives of English Men of Letters edited by John Morley. The comparison is a fair one. Each of the biographers selected by Morley is an author of eminence; each is well acquainted with his subject; some of them, as for instance Leslie Stephen, John Morley himself, Mark Pattison, or Cotter Morrison, may be counted among the most distinguished critics of their time; yet though several of the biographers whose names we have mentioned have left upon their work traces of their own individuality, the series is as a whole colorless. Each life is superior in research to any written by Johnson, but "English Men of Letters," excellent though it be, will never stand side by side with the "Lives of the Poets." The contributors to the modern series have written valuable books, which may be read with instruction; but Johnson has enabled us to enjoy not so much a book as the conversation of a man of genius who, himself a devotee to literature, talks to us about the works and doings of authors with whom he has formed intimate acquaintance. The work that comes nearest to and may well last as long as Johnson's "Lives" is Leslie Stephen's "Hours in a Library." Here again we can hold interesting communion with a man of letters. But then the "Hours in a Library" is, like Johnson's work, the product of one man's labor. At a time when it is vainly imagined that even in literature the combination of many men can equal the good work of one, it is well to be reminded that in the world of letters a body of a hundred men can never in reality achieve the triumphs which are the monopoly of individual genius.

Another peculiarity of Johnson's book is the attraction of its style. Each of the fifty-two lives is good reading; you have in them Johnson's vigor and humor with relatively little of the stilted pomposity which deforms his more serious writings. The readable quality of the book is traceable as much in the slightest as in the longer lives. The verses of Shenstone, known to most Englishmen only through Johnson, just entitle him, we suppose, to the name of poet; but the pettiness of the man who devoted his life to satisfying the "ambition of rural elegance" and ruined himself in keeping up gardens of which the artificial prettiness excited more amusement than admiration, is hit off with an ease and brevity rarely found in writings professedly humorous. "The pleasure of Shenstone," we are old, "was all in his eye; he valued what he valued merely for its looks; nothing raised his indignation more than to ask if there were any fishes in his water. His house was mean, and he did not improve it; his care was of his grounds. When he came home from his walks he might find his floors flooded by a shower through the broken roof; but could spare no money for its reparation. In time his expenses brought clamors about him that overpowered the lamb's bleat and the linnet's song; and his groves were haunted by beings very different from fauns and fairies. He spent his estate in adorning it, and his death was probably hastened by his anxieties. He was a lamp that spent its oil in blazing."

Here we touch upon a third quality which has kept alive not only Boswell's Johnson, but Johnson's own "Lives." To Englishmen Johnson was and will remain till English society is fundamentally changed, the ideal of a "moral philosopher." This term in England has in truth a somewhat peculiar sense. The moral philosophers whom Englishmen agree to admire have not been men of subtle intellect; they have not been thinkers who have struck out new and profound ethical distinctions, or have succeeded, if indeed such success be ever possible, in forming a coherent and demonstrably true theory of morals. They have always been men who, though differing in many ways, have accepted the moral doctrines which to ninety-nine Englishmen out of a hundred appear to be axioms so firmly established that it is not worth while to spend time in trying to discover theoretical vindication of their authority. The moral teachers in whom Englishmen delight, while accepting the established morality of their time and country, have shown their genius, not in tracing it to its source, but in applying it with skill to the constantly recurring problems of everyday existence. Among such men he is the greatest who can best apply morality to the conduct of life. The Socrates of Plato, much as we are all supposed to admire him, might not have been persecuted, but assuredly would have failed to obtain any great influence in the England of the eighteenth, or for that matter of the twentieth century. The Socrates of Xenophon might have done better, but he would never have gained the position of Johnson. From an English point of view the great lexicographer and the author of the "Lives" was the incomparable moralist; he brought force of character, skill in logical argument, and that sort of blunt discrimination which characterizes a critic whose vigor is greater than his subtlety, to the solution of all the problems, great and small, of actual life.

He had, moreover, the advantage which always attends a teacher who, while seeming to oppose, really falls in with the feeling of his time. There is scarcely one of Johnson's biographies which does not contain some discussion of a moral problem. Take, for example, the question raised in the Life of Pope, whether, as commonly believed, "the true characters of men may be found in their letters, and he who writes to his friend lays his heart open before him." To the inquiry Johnson replies with a decided negative; for his reasons our readers must be referred to the Life of Pope. What we insist upon is, that here, and throughout Johnson's writings, the problems of life are treated in the manner which will always interest English readers. In this particular case he treats, as often, a comparatively small question. He can rise to a much higher level; but his morality, when highest, is still concerned with conduct:

Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resign'd;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat:
These goods for man the laws of Heav'n ordain,
These goods he grants, who grants the pow'r to gain;
With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

TWO NOVELS.

Coniston. By Winston Churchill. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The District Attorney. By William Sage. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Mr. Churchill has a passion for beginning at the beginning. Fortunately, his taste and feeling lead him to write about America, not about countries of longer lineage, Egypt, for instance. What a thankless toil to work up from the Pharaohs and Moses to a story of the doings of Cook's tourists on the Nile! In a country that broke so abruptly and thoroughly with its past as did the United States, it is easy for an historian to get at the first symptoms of conditions now very general and important. Mr. Churchill, who always assumes the seriousness of an historian, and spells "era," his "era," with a capital letter, in his latest novel puts his finger on

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the very moment when the "boss" appeared in American politics—on the Moment and the Man. "Coniston," a New England village, is the name of the place where one Jethro Bass, a tanner (who, winter and summer, wore a coon cap and tucked his trousers in his boots), invented a new vice, the vice of being a political boss. Mr. Churchill's great achievement is finding the first boss, the man who first thought of buying other men on a large scale to betray public trusts and laugh at their own dishonor. The mystery of the boss's core (he has not, properly speaking, heart or soul) has been made clearer to common apprehension in at least two novels, one of which describes a New York potentate and the other a Western one. Jethro Bass is laconic and inscrutable. Perhaps by saying nothing and rolling a dangerous eye in critical moments, a man may rise to great eminence in his country's affairs, but it is difficult to believe that the process is so simple, and such bare statement does not satisfy the curious, who, seeing wonderful results, demand some approximately remarkable cause.

As a mere man Jethro Bass is better explained than as a boss. Against his assumed passion for power is set his realized passion for a woman, Cynthia Ware, a woman loved and lost in youth and never forgotten. When the tides of time beat her daughter, Cynthia Wetherell, to Bass's door, his passion for the mother merges into love for her child, and an interesting and dramatic situation develops from their close relationship. After the introduction of Cynthia as a factor in the boss's campaigns, the tale moves. Influenced by Cynthia's horror of his profession, Bass retires from public life, returning only to take revenge for an insult offered to her. At the end of a great fight with victory in his hands, he accepts humiliating defeat in order to ensure her happiness, and thus becomes a fitting hero of romance.

Cynthia is the lovely New England girl with a conscience, so common in American fiction. There is, of course, even at this late day, a great deal of conscience distributed among the women of New England, but as a matter of fact it is not so often associated with physical beauty as novelists would have us believe. Still the proper note of idealism is here struck—supreme beauty united with perfect goodness. Cynthia's lover is worthy of his luck, and the complications which threaten their happiness, but fall short of frustrating it, are well imagined and combined. "Coniston" would have been a good novel if it had begun in the middle.

A novel is a social as well as an æsthetic symptom. Viewed as such, and as largely typical of its class, Mr. Sage's new book can hardly fail to have a depressing effect on the intelligent reader. It is cleverly planned and written—so are many of the novels that appear in shoals—it is timely in more senses than one: for it is the story of a Trust magnate's son who scorns and rejects both his father's wealth and the method of collecting it, and who, as the chance-elected district attorney, applies the brain and will power inherited from his parent to an ultra-modern anti-"graft" campaign against his father's closest business associates. Thus the plot is full of legitimate chances for effects of a highly dramatic quality. And barring a touch of "preciousness," a proneness to euphuistic smartness not quite foreign to more sincere artists, the style of Mr. Sage would lend itself well enough to building up a story that might touch the reader as a page out of life. But instead of this, it has been employed to provide verisimilitude for a conventionally sensational tale about conventionally unreal people. The author has nothing to tell his reader. Not even artistic appreciation of the quaint aspect of some unexplored nook of the world, or of man's heart, has tempted him into literary venture. Every line of his book makes it evident that he has set out, with cold-blooded recognition of all the factors involved, to produce a certain commodity thought to be wanted by the public. Such a judgment may be deemed unnecessarily harsh and arbitrary. Its excuse is that it constitutes an arraignment not of a single book, but of the spirit in which novels are written and published in this country to-day. Mr. Sage, to judge at least from results, has simply seized the opportunity offered by the public's present interest in "graft" and the fight against it. And yet his principal fault does not lie here so much as in his offering us puppets instead of real men and women for the illustration of an important and impressive social phenomenon.

The Silver Age of the Greek World. By John Pentland Mahaffy. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press; London: T. Fisher Unwin. $3 net.

When, in 1890, Professor Mahaffy published "The Greek World under Roman Sway," it would have been hard to point to another book in which the English reader might find a popular survey of the Græco-Roman period, its life and literature. Of Rome and how the Greeks affected Rome he could read in the pages of Gibbon or elsewhere. How the Romans, for instance, governed Bithynia, he might have been taught to observe in the Letters of the younger Pliny. But how the Bithynians felt towards Rome was a secret that lay buried in the unread pages of Dion of Prusa, whose name is never heard by the ordinary student unless he choose to write a doctor's dissertation in the post-classical literature. Mr. Mahaffy's book remains the only work of its kind. Most people are indeed perfectly willing to ignore the very considerable remains of Greek letters that have reached us from the first few Christian centuries. They read Plutarch (but only the "Lives") and Marcus Aurelius in good translations, and are right in thinking that here are two authors who are just as improving in English as in Greek. They even have a vague notion that Lucian was the Greek Voltaire, and they can now go further and read him complete in Mr. Fowler's excellent four-volume translation. But the theatrical declamations of the Sophists, even if we had many of them to read, leave one cold enough. They are all the productions of hungry Greeklings who had nothing to say. So it is that the phrase "the New Sophistic" carries a definite meaning only to a few specialists who, however, take a private and singular pleasure, which is almost æsthetic or sporting, in their knowledge of the correct points of a "birthday speech" or a paradoxical panegyric of baldness, or a gnat, or a parrot; the commonplaces, the rhythms, the gestures, the exquisite toilette that were *de rigueur* in that all-absorbing game of declamation. Under the phil-Hellenic emperors of the second and fourth centuries it was, indeed, like nothing so much as a sport, and one trained for an appearance as for an athletic event. It was the day of professors. Never since then have they been the cynosure of all eyes, their movements chronicled like the comings and goings of a favorite actor. They toured like theatrical stars, and the regular drama was nowhere. The Greeks no longer wrote poetry; but the glittering Sophist taught the youth and held the public stage at once.

This is one side of Greek life under the heel of Rome that Mr. Mahaffy made clearer to his readers, yet even he did not attempt to make a comprehensive survey of the literary activity of these times. He was more interested in the men who broke away from the glamour of the professional life and called themselves philosophers, which in those days meant lay preachers. Such was Dion of Prusa, and Mr. Mahaffy exhumed and translated from the dead mass of his eighty extant speeches and essays certain passages which reveal unsuspected charms in this revivalist, who went from town to town rebuking the citizens (in elaborate harangues crammed with literary allusions) for their besetting sins, which were chiefly bad taste and a lack of seriousness. These were the days before Arnim's well-printed edition, and there must be many who would never have turned to the Greek of Dion (unless driven there by "graduate" work) save for Mr. Mahaffy's lively chapters. There are, however, few things more charming, even in Theocritus, than the idyl of life in Eubœa, called "The Hunter," which he in great part translated. Even more illuminating for the understanding of what life was in the corners of Trajan's empire is the narrative of that little northern town on the coast of the Black Sea where Dion found Greeks devoted to Homer, ready, in fact, to avenge as a personal insult any criticism of their idol, for this happy town knew nothing of literary criticism, and admired the best by instinct. They spoke rather bad Greek, as men surrounded by barbarians, holding their small outpost against the Scythians. But they fell at the feet of this educated stranger, and were by no means bored when Dion, true to his colors, discoursed to them like any Sophist on the charms of monarchy as an institution.

"The Greek World under Roman Sway" is out of print, and the new volume, in spite of its changed title, is intended to take its place. On the whole it would have been less confusing to retain the old title when one retained so much of the old book. The implication of the new name is literary, whereas the chief interest is still history and social life. The work before us is, in fact, simply a revised edition. The number of pages is hardly increased. Here and there a sentence is recast, a word inserted or omitted, or a modern parallel such as used to flow so freely from the wide-ranging author has been suppressed; some footnotes are ad-

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ded. It is not till we reach Chapter III, "Hellenism in Upper Egypt," that we find a whole new though very brief chapter on the settlements of the Greeks in Upper Egypt, on which so much light has been thrown in the last fifteen years by the finds of papyri at Oxyrhynchus or in the Fayyum. Mr. Mahaffy has here incorporated the results drawn from the Petrie papyri published by himself in the Cunningham Memoirs in the early nineties, and from the memorable collections of Grenfell and Hunt. He gives a brief résumé of what was actually found at Gurob and the story of the settlements of Macedonians and Greeks in Egypt under the Ptolemies, which will be welcome to many who have not access to the official publications of the Ptolemaic papyri. This is the main addition to the book. He still has nothing to say of Græco-Roman literature later than the time of Dion, skips Lucian altogether, and gives us perhaps a little too much of the amiable Plutarch. His book is, however, the only one of its kind in English, and will always be read, under the old name or the new, with entertainment. We wish he would not, following perhaps the bad example of some Germans, write, as he does throughout, *Oxyrynchus* for the more correct *Oxyrhynchus*. The index has been enlarged and much improved.

The Rise of American Nationality, 1811-1819. By Kendric C. Babcock. [The American Nation, vol. xiii.] New York: Harper & Bros. $2 net.

So much of Dr. Babcock's volume as relates to the War of 1812 has received elaborate and, in some respects at least, definitive treatment at the hands of Henry Adams and Capt. Mahan. Professor Hart, in his editorial introduction, suggests that to follow in the footsteps of these well-known writers is "a daring task." There can be little occasion, however, for criticising adversely a writer who is called upon, by the scheme of his work, to present with studied brevity what others have presented *in extenso*; provided always, of course, that the authorities have been well used, the salient facts properly brought out, and the events narrated in orderly and effective fashion. Dr. Babcock meets this test well, and the reviewer need do little more than commend what he has written. There is, to be sure, a pervading frankness and downrightness of personal judgment, especially in regard to the conduct of political and military leaders during the War of 1812; but the judgments are sound, and praise and blame are placed where they belong.

For the rest, the narrative, though necessarily brief, presents matter of much interest. The political conditions in the United States, for example, during the three years immediately preceding the declaration of war, are clearly brought out, especially those of the "reign of faction" from 1809 to 1811. The same may be said of the discussion of affairs in the Southwest and Northwest during the same period. The foreign relations of the United States, too, are especially well handled, as they have been in general in the preceding volumes of this series. The attitude of New England during the war has long been a stumbling-block to historians, inspiring apology or denunciation oftener than judicial examination. Dr. Babcock does not, we think, go deeply enough into the causes of the New England disaffection to make those causes wholly clear—there is, for instance, a subtle social temperament whose significance he seems hardly to have grasped; but he certainly succeeds in showing how grave the danger of secession really was, and how serious the weakness of the Federal Government which it revealed. The episode must always remain a striking illustration of the truth that New England, like other sections of the country, has not invariably exhibited a high order of political morality in times of political and social stress.

With the close of the war, Dr. Babcock's narrative enters upon less familiar ground, and ground, too, which cannot readily be marked off into definite chronological divisions. Political questions become larger as well as of different character; economic issues more and more modify party creeds and party action; sectionalism and slavery show themselves in new and unexpected shapes, and foreign complications for a time recede. The war ushered in nationality, though there remained to be seen what form the new national spirit would take. Certain important questions, accordingly, receive here only preliminary treatment. Such are the financial reorganization after the war, the establishment of the second Bank of the United States, the development of protection, and the emergence of the Supreme Court as the representative of a coördinate department of Government. The demand for internal improvements at Federal expense, following the pronounced westward migration, was shortly to become an element in the great democratic revolution. Into this period falls also the second expansion of Federal territory with the acquisition of the Floridas—a dubious transaction, whose devious course is followed with especial clearness and grasp.

This summary account of the chief matters touched upon in Dr. Babcock's book should not fail to make mention also of the admirable literary form in which the narrative is cast. The writing is always good, not seldom strikingly so; indeed, no volume of this series thus far exhibits more commendable literary qualities. The bibliography, as usual, lists the principal authorities, though Sumner's "Jackson" and the important "Calhoun Correspondence" seem to be omitted. The reference to the Supreme Court reports is vague, the authoritative edition being nowhere clearly referred to.

French Pottery and Porcelain. By Henri Frantz. London: George Newnes; New York: Scribners. $2.50 net.

We have already printed in these columns notices of three of the valuable books belonging to the Newnes Library of Applied Arts. The latest is of less originality of conception than, for instance, that on Dutch pottery or English table glass, but this merely because there are valuable works already devoted to French ceramic ware, and because the subject is really too vast to be treated in one small volume of large print. The chief objection to the book taken by itself, without comparison with others of the series, is that no attempt is made to carry out the promise of the title. "French Pottery and Porcelain" without a word of any ware produced in the nineteenth century! Not a syllable on the work of potters like Massier, with his really wonderful glazes and the brilliant designs of his earlier time; not one of the stone-ware with colored enamels made at Sèvres during quite recent years! The title should be modified in some way, and also it should be made clear in some preface or editorial note what the pretensions of the work really are.

There are some indications which point to the cutting down of a fuller original in another language to the present English text. There are signs that the work has been written by some one not familiar with English, or else translated by some one not wholly competent, or not very careful. There are curious errors, like the non-sequitur on pages two and three, in which it is asserted that there was once a factory at Rouen of whose products only two enamelled tiles are known, and as André Pottier has proved that there was a potter there named Abaquesne, it was Abaquesne, *therefore*, who executed not only these tile pictures, but also other existing works. On page 39, dishes 20 inches in diameter are accounted for by the necessity of passing them from one guest to another, so that "each held meat for 18 to 20 persons"; and this, again, is explained by allusion to "an ordinance of Louis XIII., forbidding the possession of more than one complete service and one row of dishes." Now it is not impossible to arrive at the author's meaning in general, but what is meant by "one row of dishes" or by other expressions in this paragraph; and why is the author astonished at dishes large enough to contain a good deal of "meat" to be passed from guest to guest, as so frequently in modern service? He seems to refer to the big round platters which are certainly characteristic of Nevers pottery, Moustiers pottery and the like, even though the very largest seem to be of Rouen; but Chinese porcelain dishes and those of the Imari ware of Japan are easy to procure larger than the largest dish of French faïence, except a few magnificent pieces of Rouen ware, charged with armorial bearings and intended for display and for decoration. Indeed, it is probably not the size which troubles Herr Frantz, but rather the circular form. There are oval dishes, too, of these wares, and long fish platters, big enough, one is inclined to say, to hold the largest fish that ever was served on a table. In Solon's excellent book, reviewed in these columns a few months ago, there is given a rectangular Rouen dish 28 inches long; but it is painted with an armorial achievement, and was meant to frame into the wainscoting over a chimney-piece. But the circular platters painted in green or in orange-yellow or in dull blue or sometimes (though less often) in polychromy are the characteristic feature, no doubt. The plates, also, were very large at the same time. Those things are matters of fashion. There are many people who like them as large, to-day.

It is hard to find any important statement or set of statements in this book which does not exist elsewhere, and in accessible books, too. There are some state-

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ments which one would like to have remarked upon by a careful student. Thus (p. 105), the statement is made that the sales of the Sèvres manufactory do not now exceed 100,000 francs a year, and it is implied that in former years they were much larger. Curious reasons are offered for this. Perhaps "the public does not care to see the State acting as merchant," or perhaps "the porcelains of Sèvres are less perfect than formerly." But, indeed, it has never been considered an important part of the work of the Sèvres factory to make objects for sale. The chief purpose has been to produce furnishings for royal residences and presents—honorary gifts to people of importance. It is even with reluctance and in the slowest and most awkward way that important sales are made. You may, indeed, get small pieces—vases and ink-stands and little *raviers*—for a most exorbitant price, cash down, twenty-five to sixty francs for very unimportant pieces. But if you want anything worth having, a set of plates specially painted, even a reproduction of a piece already made, you have to make the purchase with the clear understanding that no guaranty as to time of delivery is made to you, that some time or other you will be notified that the piece is ready, and that you must take it then, "without recourse." Perhaps, under the circumstances, 100,000 francs a year is a fairly large sale, considering that almost everything really worth having is taken out of the list of things thus sold.

There is a two-page list of useful books of reference, and ten pages or more of marks of this and that factory, epoch, or maker, but not at all complete; even the Sèvres show of marks leaves many unmentioned, and there is no adequate explanation of those marks which need it the most, such as the stamp defaced by a file-cut, which is said here to indicate "rejected pieces"—a quite insufficient explanation. There is, also (pp. 132-152), a select list of sales, with the prices given for important pieces. It is interesting to learn of that candlestick of what we used to call Henri Deux ware, which was sold for 91,875 francs in the Fountain collection, dispersed by auction in London in 1884, but there is no adequate opportunity for comparison of price with price or piece with piece.

On the whole, the most important part of the book is its illustrations. These have been made and the examples selected with considerable good taste and thoroughness. There are fifty-eight such plates in half-tone and seven in color, and some of the plates represent several pieces each. It is awkward, however, to find in a plate announced, both in the list of illustrations and in the "caption" under the plate, as devoted to one ware, such as Moustiers faïence, a piece which is not of that factory, and this misleading error is of frequent occurrence.

Plant Response as a Means of Physiological Investigation. By Jagadis Chunder Bose, M.A., D.Sc. Professor, Presidency College, Calcutta. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $7.

Except to those who are acquainted with the previous work of this author, the present treatise may come as a surprise. It is a substantial octavo volume of more than 700 pages, devoted to the elucidation and illustration of a single thesis. Although this thesis is here given in many forms and stated in connection with numerous associated topics, it is essentially simple in its outline. It is this: the plant is a machine; its movements in response to external stimuli, though apparently various, are ultimately reducible to a fundamental unity of reaction. But the movements here referred to are not alone the obvious movements which the eye readily sees, as in the case of the sensitive plant and in that of the twiners. Everybody knows to-day that all young parts of plants possess a limited power of movement in response to certain external stimuli, but to this interesting chapter in the life-history of plants Professor Bose adds others which are of even greater interest. In general, it may be said that, by means of ingenious delicate instruments which exaggerate the slightest motions at any spot, he has been able to demonstrate that even the oldest tissues of a plant, so long as they are living, are capable of responding in a marked degree to certain external stimuli. By the employment of a beam of light reflected from a mirror attached to a multiplying lever, and falling on a recording drum covered with photographic paper or film, he records the amplitude of the very minutest movements of these responses. Now it so happens that many of these responses are exceedingly complex and exhibit confused effects, due to internal energy and external stimulus respectively. Professor Bose believes that he has been able to disentangle these complex phenomena of combined action. After this disentangling and exact discrimination have been effected, he arrives at the conclusion that "there is no physiological response given by the most highly organized animal tissue that is not also to be met with in the plant."

A special feature distinguishing this treatise from many of its class is the presentation, at the end of every chapter, of a summary which gives in a few short sentences the substance of the chapter. Such synopses are often found in French treatises and are most acceptable, not only to the student, but to the casual reader.

The treatise considers, first, simple response, and deals with the universality of sensitiveness in plants. This is naturally followed by a consideration of the modification of response under various conditions. Here are studied such matters as fatigue in plants, the effect of anæsthetics, and the death-spasm in plants. Next comes a part devoted to excitability and conductivity, to reversal of normal polar effects in living tissues, to electrotonus, and the latent and "refractory" period. Under multiple and autonomous response the author gathers together the results of his studies on temperature and rhythmic responses in plants, introductory to the larger subject of the different *tropisms*. But, before taking these up, he intercalates two chapters of profound interest, namely, (1) the Ascent of Sap, and (2) Growth. His discussion of the former topic is not wholly satisfactory, but it is extremely suggestive. After the tropisms are examined in most of their relations, he ventures on a general survey of the whole matter, in the course of which he has something to say about variation as induced by external forces that throws light on his views of Darwinism.

From the foregoing, it will be seen that no summary of the work can be given which does not take up all of the author's own summaries and his concluding part (IX.) as well. The whole work must be studied as a unit, and with strict reference to the thesis on which it is based. Nevertheless, there are many incidental results which possess interest for all readers, such, for instance, as the effect of alcohol upon plants in causing temporary exaltation of response, followed by depression and protracted period of recovery. The style of *Datura Alba* was used in these experiments. If the alcohol vapor was blown away and fresh air substituted, the tissues slowly recovered their normal excitability. But if, instead of alcohol vapor, dilute alcohol solution was applied, the depressing effect was immediate and very great.

There is nothing in the treatise to suggest that the work is not the outcome of a physiological laboratory in Europe and from the hands of a physiologist in Germany or England. But the author is an East Indian, much of whose experimental work has been carried on under tropical conditions. The greater part of his material has been found in India, where, as in all tropical countries, vegetation does not have the long periods of hibernation characteristic of the temperate zones. There must have been at his command a wealth of plant-material unavailable to the Northern laboratories, even where these laboratories are supplemented by hot-houses. That the treatise should be free from dreamy conceptions which might be born in India was to be expected by those who are familiar with the work accomplished by Professor Bose in England; in short it is a contribution to physiology possessing high importance in this time of reconstruction of the science. The new conceptions of chemical physics and physical chemistry necessitate a reconsideration of the whole field of the relations of organisms to their surroundings; the present volume is distinctly helpful to this end.

It is proper to call attention to a singular system of nomenclature which the author has made use of in naming his novel apparatus. We have all been cautioned not to combine elements taken from two languages in the formation of technical terms. Such combinations have sometimes been classed with barbarisms. Frequently Latin and Greek are thus combined with grotesque effect, especially in the names of plants. To some of his instruments, Professor Bose has given names which have a novel, not to say grotesque, look. Thus, the apparatus which records the contractile response of the plant just as the myograph records that of the animal, is termed *kunchangraph*, from the Sanskrit *kunchan*, contraction; and the appliance by which the suctional response is measured is called the *shoshungraph*, from the Sanskrit, *shosun*, suction. All the instruments employed in these researches appear to be of great delicacy, and most of them are constructed on new lines. Almost all of them can be fairly well understood from the descriptions; but those who know how difficult it is to build machines from descriptions and sketches merely, will suspend judgment until the work has been repeated in all details. Meanwhile, it may be said that the treatise is stimulating and is likely to be fruitful in controversy. It has

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an interest not only for all biologists, but for chemists, physicists, and, we may add, progressive psychologists.

The Nature of Truth: An Essay by Harold H. Joachim. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde.

Mr. Joachim's work comes before the philosophic public with the highest credentials. As fellow of Merton College, Oxford, its author has for years been associated with, and enjoyed the stimulating company of, those distinguished philosophers, Prof. A. E. Taylor and F. H. Bradley. He acknowledges how greatly he has been influenced by the latter (though he somewhat sharply criticizes his conception of the relations of logic and metaphysics and of the "symbolic" nature of the "idea") and by Professor Bosanquet. His preface assures us, further, that the greater part of his work "draws its inspiration from Hegel," and that he has received "valuable suggestions" from a fellow of Balliol and a lecturer at Edinburgh. His book has also received the imprimatur of Dr. E. Caird, who encouraged him to persevere in publishing it, while not even Bertrand Russell's criticisms have induced him to make "substantial alterations" in his second chapter. With this array of sponsors we may fairly take Mr. Joachim's book as representative of the profoundest insight into the nature of truth which has yet been attained in the most esoteric circles of Oxonian Hegelism.

And up to a point Mr. Joachim's work fulfils our expectations. It travels, of course, throughout on the high *a-priori* road of a metaphysical assumption as to the nature of truth, which has not the slightest practical bearing on any scientific problem, and never brings it within sight of any question the ordinary man is concerned to raise. Human knowledge it hardly condescends to notice at all; and where it does, it speedily turns away from the disgusting spectacle to "the ideal." For example, we are told (p. 167-8) that "my and your thinking, my and your self" are mere "bubbles on the stream of knowledge," "accidental imperfections, superficial irregularities, in the medium through which truth is reflected," "incidents somehow connected with the known truth, but they themselves and the manner of their connexion are excluded from the theory of knowledge." Moreover, as befits a Hegelian of the "left," Mr. Joachim professes the utmost contempt for the postulation of a God and a future life (p. 166, 176), and other human weaknesses. But his book is a serious and sustained piece of dialectical reasoning, nevertheless, relieved only by a single jest (to the effect that in judgment "the judicial separation expresses a real divorce"), difficult indeed to follow, and needing the reader's closest attention, but working out the consequences of its initial assumptions with the greatest perseverance, and commendably free from the wishy-washy unction and ambiguous phrase-mongering into which the writings of his school are so apt to lapse.

The trouble is that, at the end of it all, Mr. Joachim has to confess himself beaten. His notion of truth will not work out, and leaves him with only negative results, hoping against hope to escape from skepticism. But as he is quite honest about this, his failure is very instructive, especially to those who were not free from doubts about his method and are willing to learn a lesson from his conclusion. Even the Hegelian ideal has its "coherence" shattered by the existence of error, and by "the self-diremption of the one significant whole" into a system of discursive judgments other than the truth "about" which it is. Still, Mr. Joachim is reluctant to apply to it the adage, "A miss is as good as a mile." He argues that "it has carried us further into the heart of the problem than either of the two other notions": that truth is "an ideal representation of fact"; and that it is "a quality, or immediate characteristic flavor, of independent entities which are what they are in and for themselves and without relation to mind." Mr. Joachim also argues that the Hegelian idea has maintained itself against difficulties to which these two notions "succumbed" (p. 178). It "suffers shipwreck at the very entrance of the harbor. It has carried us safely over the dangers and difficulties to which the other two notions succumbed, but the voyage ends in disaster, a disaster which is inevitable." For it "involves the recognition that certain demands both *must be* and *cannot be* fulfilled" (p. 171).

All this seems modelled upon, or at all events reads strangely like, J. S. Mill's account of the breakdown of his famous theory of the self, which, he said, "can effectively withstand the most invidious of the arguments directed against it. But groundless as are the extrinsic objections, the theory has intrinsic difficulties which it seems to me beyond the power of metaphysical analysis to remove." It also reminds us of Mr. McTaggart's confession that, in order to account for the course of things in Time, the Hegelian "Dialectic" was still in need of an unknown synthesis. And as the Hegelian refusal to distinguish between them involves metaphysics in the breakdown along with logic, it really looks as though the whole Hegelian line of thought had at last committed the happy dispatch pretty completely.

What, then, is to be done? Shall we acquiesce in skepticism with Mr. Joachim, or turn to a neglected notion of truth to which he had deliberately closed his eyes? His preface had contemptuously dismissed "the theory known alternatively as Pragmatism or Humanism," as having been refuted for all time by Plato's "Theætetus." But in the light of the subsequent proceedings we can well imagine the pragmatists chuckling over Mr. Joachim's results, and congratulating themselves that their theory was left out of his book, and so escaped from the general *débâcle* of truth. Such expert controversialists will be more than human, and less than "humanists," if they do not take an early opportunity of vigorously reminding Mr. Joachim that Plato's "Theætetus," like his own essay, ends in negation and failure, and of pointing out that the refutation of Protagoras is of a somewhat dubious character, and lastly that the collapse of the theories he has examined leaves the logical field most enticingly open to the one which he has declined to go into. In short, the true moral seems to be that the intellectualist notion of truth has once more led to a fiasco. In Mr. Bradley's "Logic" the fiasco was disguised under an appeal to metaphysics; in Mr. Joachim's essay it is openly avowed; but it is hardly likely that further champions will court a like disaster. However, it is something—more, perhaps, than Mr. Joachim recognizes—to have cleared the ground for a constructive view of truth which keeps in touch with common sense and practical life.

L'Esprit Libéral du Coran. Par César Benattar, El Hadi Sebaï, Abdelaziz Etéalbi. Paris: Ernest Leroux.

The same tendency which phrases itself with us in the cry, "Back to Christ," is appearing in Islam in a recoil from traditionalism to what is taken to be a more literal and historical interpretation of the Koran. Eight hundred years ago al-Ghazzali led a similar revolt, but fatally entangled his movement in ascetic mysticism. A century and a half ago the Wahhabites attempted the same, and produced a mixture of puritanism in conduct, simplicity in faith, and active hostility in attitude towards all non-Muslims and their ideas. Now, the signs are of an attempt to liberalize Islam by showing that the Koran in itself and the traditions from Muhammad are liberal in tone and give no foundation to the proud exclusiveness which has characterized historical Islam—that Muhammad, in fact, was an odd combination of prophet and child of the French Revolution. To bring this home to their coreligionists is the purpose of the present authors. Their thesis is to show, by a rational and literal interpretation of the Koran and the traditions, that Islam does not involve a separation between Muslims and non-Muslims, but, rather, is so liberal in its spirit that it may even afford to all a common platform. Anti-Christian polemics are carefully avoided, but the idea is evident that a rationalized Islam is more universal than any form of Christianity can be. That, however, is a result by the way. The book is addressed rather to Muslims, and is an exhortation to set their house in order by throwing off all the accumulations of superstition and fanaticism which have been heaped up, and by going back to the primal simplicity of their faith. Thus they will be saved from their present intellectual decrepitude and social backwardness, and enabled to take a place in the ranks of progress.

Among the views and practices thus countenanced by the Koran, but annulled by later commentators, are reckoned such as the following: education of all, men and women; recognition and respect for all other monotheistic religions, with full liberty of faith, and belief that there will be salvation and rewards hereafter for all the good; freedom for women, and their equal place beside men, with doing away of the veil; forbidding of the numerous superstitions which have grown up and turned Islam into a polytheism, such as the institution of fraternities and the worship of saints.

That development in religion must always present itself under the guise of a return to the original form seems certain. Whatever the change, it must appear as a reformation. And there is much in Islam which renders this practicable. Muham-

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mad, it is true, along with his eternally valid religious ideas, had in him the germs of all kinds of superstitions, but assuredly he would never recognize the present saint-ridden, formalized, lawyer-driven Islam as any creation of his. If he were to appear, the canonists, the commentators, the mystics and the darwishes would be scourged out of the Ka'ba in quick time. To have put their finger on the present nuisance and the menace to all social organization in the darwish fraternities, and on the extent to which thoroughly alien superstitions have completely obscured the original Islam, is a long score to the credit of the present authors. But it is to be feared that the picture of a gentle, tolerant Muhammad which is further drawn, is not in accordance with the facts. Muhammad was of the Old Testament, and would have hewed the priests of Baal in pieces before the Lord; this picture comes from the Gospels. Nor will other of their historical conceptions stand: the early Muslims did not live in the idyllic conditions here suggested, nor was it only with the crusades that the fanaticism of Islam blazed out. The early leaders were possessed by corruption and jealousy like their successors, and Islam was a fighting faith from the capture of Mecca on. Another rock for this thesis lies in the nature of the traditions from Muhammad. In that enormous mass, mostly forged as it is, any one can find support for any dogma, and his opponent can find equally good ground for its rejection. A well-read member of the 'Ulama would have little difficulty in tearing to pieces all that side of this book. He need only choose what traditions he will quote. Finally, it will be long before the above interpretations of the Koran, though undoubtedly often correct, will make headway against the united authority of the commentators. Belief in the doctrine of the annulment of kindly verses by later ones of the sword will be far too strong In Christendom rather than Islam will these results be first accepted. But, whether Koranic or not, our hearty good wishes must go with such views and purposes as these.

Robert Browning and Alfred Domett. Edited by F. G. Kenyon. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

This volume contains some thirty letters from Browning and Joseph Arnould, afterwards judge of the Supreme Court of Bombay, to Alfred Domett-Waring, who notoriously, in 1842, "rather than pace up and down Any longer London Town," went as a colonist to New Zealand. There he remained for thirty years and held several important administrative offices, being premier of the colony in 1862-63. The letters are letters of friends, and are chiefly occupied with the personal doings of the writers and expressions of anxiety and sympathy for the emigrant, whose first years of sojourn in the colony were anything but easy. The Browning student will find some interesting bits, such as Arnould's account (an eyewitness's) of the episode of Macready's production of "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon," and one highly significant letter from Browning, of July 13, 1846. Domett had sent the poet some cautious words about his obscurity and imperfect expression, which Browning admits. "As for the necessity," he writes, "of such endeavor [to rid himself of those defects], I agree with you altogether; from the beginning, I have been used to take a high ground, and say, all endeavor elsewhere is thrown away. Endeavor *to think* (the real *thought*), to *imagine*, to *create*, or whatever they call it—as well endeavor to add the cubit to your stature! *Nascitur poeta*—and, that conceded to happen, the one object of labor is naturally what you recommend to me, and I to myself—nobody knows better with what indifferent success. But here is, without affectation, the reason why I have gone on so far, although succeeding so indifferently: I felt so instinctively from the beginning that unless I tumbled out the dozen more or less of conceptions, I should bear them about forever, and year by year get straiter and stiffer in those horrible cross-bones with a long name, and at last parturition would be the curse indeed. Mine was the better way, I do calmly believe, for at this moment I feel as everybody does who has *worked*—'in vain'? No matter, if the work was real." A sound and encouraging philosophy, not for poets alone!

Browning's own letters are supplemented by those of Joseph Arnould, which, indeed, seem to have been preserved quite as much for what they tell of Browning as for anything else; in some cases the album in which the letters were kept contained copies of only such portions as dealt particularly with Browning. But his letters have still their own interest in telling of his own early career as a barrister, and giving many glimpses of life among the small circle of friends in Camberwell: Browning, Arnould and his wife, Joseph Dowson and his wife, the last-named being Domett's sister. No great doings, indeed, nor much high thinking, but little traits, little incidents, such as life is made of. Two characters stand out more or less clearly: the absent Domett, whom they all hold in cherished memory, talk about, drink a health to, and hope will return; and Browning, the young Browning, frank, warm-hearted, affectionate, "a glorious fellow," as Arnould once calls him. In the last letters in the volume we find the old Browning, the man of the world, the literary personage, much preoccupied, but still the same warm-hearted, affectionate friend.

The Life and Experiences of Sir Henry Enfield Roscoe. Written by Himself. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4.

This makes the third autobiography of an English pupil of Bunsen, though one of the three never actually worked in that master's laboratory, and the reminiscences of another, a really great chemist, have only been privately printed. Roscoe, if not great, has been unquestionably eminent in inorganic chemistry. His memoir on vanadium is perhaps the most complete and admirable study of an element that has ever been made; for although it was made forty years ago, nothing additional of serious consequence has since been contributed to our knowledge of the chemistry of that metal, excepting the existence of certain compounds belonging to that class of complex inorganic acids which were first explained and as a class discovered by Dr. Wolcott Gibbs. We must not, however, forget the recent application of vanadium carbide to the production of steel having desirable properties. The photochemical researches of Bunsen and Roscoe are likewise deservedly famous, forming as they do one of the foundation stones of modern chemical dynamics. The interest of the present book, however, lies chiefly in the account it gives of the development in England of scientific education; for it has been in this and other public services that Sir Henry's life has been most valuable.

He joined the faculty of Owens College in its darkest hour in 1857, and labored for it through twenty-eight years, until largely —we may say, chiefly—by his effort, it had blossomed out into the University of Manchester. Subsequently, when the London University needed to be remodelled, he was called to its vice-chancellorship, and under him it took on new and better life. He it was who carried its home from Burlington Gardens to South Kensington. He has done a vast amount of truly patriotic work on several royal commissions on technical education, on secondary education, and on matters of hygiene. He sat in Parliament as an adherent of Gladstone for some ten years, and gives an interesting account of the great man's ascendency and of its causes. In short, though Roscoe is a very different man from Playfair, and quite opposite to him in several characteristics (among which, we must warn his intending reader, is that of his anecdotes), yet the interest of his volume, beyond the picture it affords of a certain scientific circle, is mainly its carrying on further the narrative of English progress in scientific ideas that is contained in the Memoirs of Lord Playfair.

Mr. Galton has more than once noticed the strongly marked resemblances among the descendants of William Roscoe, author of the Lives of Lorenzo de' Medici and of Leo X., as well as of a monograph upon the Ginger-Arrowroot (-Banana?) family of plants. He was Sir Henry's grandfather. Stanley Jevons was his cousin and intimate friend. He himself has decidedly the traits traditionally attributed to Englishmen (*minus* insularity, however), and, more specifically, of the Lancashire man, who is rather a downright, outspoken, uncompromising person, apt to air his peculiarities, yet easily taking the color of his environment. But even more than other Lancashire men, Sir Henry has always been a sympathetic and highly popular personality.

The dress of the book, like all Roscoe's publications; is pleasing. It contains over seventy reproductions of photographic portraits and views, which are exceptionally perfect as reproductions, as photographs, and as likenesses. The index, on the other hand, is so meagre as to be almost worthless.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alexander, Louis A. The Drama of Blood. Published by the author.
Bernard, Fernand. The First Year of Roman Law. Henry Frowde.
Boyce, Rubert. Yellow Fever Prophylaxis in New Orleans, 1905. London: Williams & Norgate.
Briggs, Emily Edson. The Olivia Letters. Neale Publishing Co. $2.
Buchanan, H. B. M. A Country Reader. I. Macmillan. 40 cents.
Case, Carl Delos. The Masculine in Religion. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.
Dawson, William Harbutt. The German Workman. Imported by Scribners. $1.50 net.

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Days and Deeds. Compiled by Burton E. and Elizabeth B. Stephenson. Baker & Taylor Co. $1 net.
Deussen, Paul. The Philosophy of the Upanishads. Translated by A. S. Geden. Imported by Scribners. $3.50 net.
Dickinson, G. Lowes. The Meaning of Good: A Dialogue. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Elizabeth and her German Garden. Macmillan Co. $1.75.
Emerson, Oliver Farrar. The History of the English Language. Macmillan. 80 cents.
Fairlie, John A. Local Government in Counties, Towns, and Villages. Century. $1.25 net.
Folsom, Justus Watson. Entomology with Special Reference to its Biological and Economic Aspects. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Son & Co.
Foreman, John. The Philippine Islands. Imported by Scribners. $6 net.
Gilbert, James Stanley. Panama Patchwork: Poems. Robert Grier Cooke.
Gwatkin, Henry Melvill. The Knowledge of God. 2 vols. Imported by Scribners. $3.75 net.
Hartzog, William B. Ancient Masters and Jesus. Cleveland: German Baptist Publication Society.
Harvard Psychological Studies. Edited by Hugo Münsterberg. Vol. II. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Haworth, Paul Leland. The Hayes-Tilden Disputed Presidential Election of 1876. Cleveland: Burrows Bros. Co. $1.50 net.
Holland, Thomas Erskine. Elements of Jurisprudence. Henry Frowde.
Investment Directory. Insurance Companies, 1906. Compiled by S. H. Wolfe. The Insurance Press.
Leigh, Oliver. Edgar Allan Poe. Chicago: The Frank M. Morris Co.
Lemmi, Francesco. Le Origini del Risorgimento Italiano. Milan: Ulrico Hoepli.
Lodge, Sir Oliver. School Teaching and School Reform. London: Williams and Norgate.
Maxey, Edwin. Triumphs of American Diplomacy. Brentano's.
Michel, André. Histoire de L'Art. Fascicules 5-24. New York: Stechert & Co.
More, Alec C. Radia. London: Elliot Stock.
Petrie, W. M. Flinders. Researches in Sinai. Dutton. $6 net.
Romances of Chivalry in Italian Verse. Edited by J. D. M. and Mary A. Ford. Holt & Co.
Sakolski, A. M. The Finances of American Trade Unions. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press.
Selections from Plutarch's Life of Cæsar. Edited by R. L. A. Du Pontet. Henry Frowde.
Shakespeare's Twelfth Night. Edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.
Sherard, Robert Harborough. The Life of Oscar Wilde. London: T. Werner Laurie. 12s. 6d.
Skeat, W. W. The Problem of Spelling Reform. Henry Frowde.
Slosson, Margaret. How Ferns Grow. Holt & Co.
Twentieth Annual Report of the State Board of Health of Pennsylvania.
Walker, W. L. Christian Theism and a Spiritual Monism. Imported by Scribners. $3 net.
Wedmore, Frederick. Whistler and Others. Imported by Scribners. $1.50 net.

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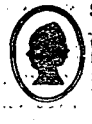
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